

# The AMERICAN GIRL

July  
1955 · 25 ¢





# We'll Send a Box of Christmas Cards

## To All Who Want **EXTRA MONEY!**

**After School, Saturdays, Holidays — You Can Make  
\$25.00 to \$100.00 and More Just Showing Famous  
Wallace Brown Christmas Cards**



Girls! YOU can be as happy as thousands of other girls! Don't just wish for extra money to buy the things you want. Why, there are lots of girls all over the country today making dollar after dollar of good hard cash, just showing folks the new Wallace Brown Assortments of Christmas Cards and Gift Items. YOU can do it too! Right in your town there are dozens of people who'll be happy to order these cards from you—friends, family, neighbors, storekeepers. And the best thing is—you don't have to sell! We send you samples to show around—and they'll do the selling for you. When folks see these beautiful samples and learn how low-priced the assortments are—they'll probably order several boxes right on the spot. Often you'll be selling 3, 6, or more boxes at a time. YOU make up to 50c profit on every box you sell!

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You need no experience—and you have so much to offer to bring extra cash. There are the two easy-selling Assortments shown here and many other exciting Christmas Assortments like the luxurious Religious Scripture-Text, the delightful Christmas Angels, sparkling new "Tall" Jewel Scenes, gay, clever Christmas Humorous, breathtaking Winter Magic Photochromes... Gift Wrappings and Ribbons too! In addition, a complete line of lovely Everyday cards for Birthdays, Get Well and many other occasions. Also Children's Books, Imported Napkins, Stationery, and many novelty Gift Items! They all spell EXTRA MONEY for you!

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New York 10, New York

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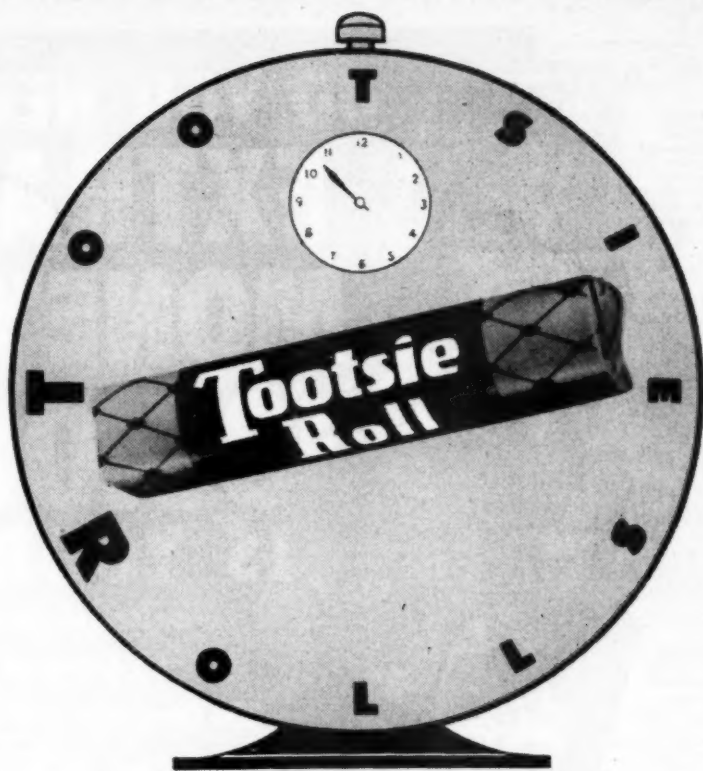
by MARJORIE VETTER

**LOVE IS FOREVER.** By MARGARET E. BELL. *William Morrow and Company*, \$2.75. In the shimmering satin gown and gossamer veil Papa had bought in San Francisco, seventeen-year-old Florence Monroe walked down the aisle of the Alaskan mission church, crowded with curious Indians, to join Beldon Craig at the altar. Florence's wedding had been planned by Papa, whose word was law, in line with his creed of never compromising with the wilderness—to which he felt it his duty and that of his family to bring Victorian civilization. Though Florence had vowed to obey Beldon, it was Papa's teaching that guided her life as the happy mistress of the little cabin near Beldon's saltery at Thorne Bay. Florence had been puzzled by the "something old," her outgrown dress; "something new," a pair of knee-high boots; "something borrowed," her brother's hunting knife which Beldon had slipped aboard the sloop carrying them to Thorne Bay. His birthday gift of gun and fishing rod was even more dismaying. Beldon knew that one did not bring conventional civilization to the wilderness as one did family silver; one learned to live in it, adapting, changing, inventing a new way of life. Eager to share his life completely with Florence, Beldon wanted her to join him on hunting and fishing expeditions, urging her to dress sensibly, even to wearing the bloomers his "modern" sister had sent. With Papa's reaction in the back of her mind, Florence was scandalized. Beldon was patient, but this difference kept cropping up between them, until it was the cause of their first quarrel. Angry, set on proving that she could be a lady and still take care of herself in the woods, Florence went into the forest alone, determined to bring home a deer, and ran into tense adventure of terror and high courage. As you know, if you have read the earlier books about Florence, "Watch for a Tall White Sail" and "Totem Casts a Shadow," Miss Bell brings to life with consummate skill the wild beauty of Alaska, where she was born. She writes here of young love and the early days of marriage with a sensitive, inspiring beauty.

**A PICNIC FOR JUDY.** By MARJORY HALL. *Funk & Wagnalls*, \$2.75. "She saw them as three people in a play . . . acting out some horrible scene . . . But it wasn't a play, it was real; it was actually taking place in the life of Judith Ward Wilson." This is Judy's first reaction when, shortly after her graduation, her father informs his wife and daughter that, without so much as discussing it beforehand with either of them, he has resigned his job, given up their ugly, rented house, and arranged to go into partnership with his Great-aunt Sophie who owns and operates a shabby, run-down hotel in a

(Continued on page 48)

THE AMERICAN GIRL



RIGHT TIME—ALL THE TIME

**Tootsie Rolls ...**

*America's Favorite Candy ...  
chocolaty ... chewy ... long-lasting*

Tootsie Roll Fudge  
creamy, smooth ...  
melts in your mouth



Tootsie Roll Caramel  
milky, chewy ... makes  
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**MORNING...NOON...NIGHT...**

is right time for delicious Tootsie Roll candies.  
Great for picnics, camping, beaches. Tasty and  
refreshing ... get some today. Only 5¢ each,  
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**FEATURE DELUXE**  
21 stunning assorted Christmas cards of every type, color and taste

**CHRISTMAS ASSORTMENT**  
Luxurious parchment paper used throughout. Outstanding cards in lovely designs

**SLIM CARD CHRISTMAS ASSORTMENT**  
Latest ragel Distinction, smart new, slim styling—beautiful!

**CHRISTMAS GIFT WRAP ENSEMBLE**  
20 large deluxe sheets all 20"x30"—gay Christmas colors with matching seals and tags.

**TALL CARD CHRISTMAS FUN BOX**  
An amazing assortment of pop-outs, clever designs in the new slim style—terrific!

**BIBLE TEXT CHRISTMAS ASSORTMENT**  
21 inspiring religious cards with Bible verses

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Animated toy, story and point book in full color. Includes jet glider plane, magnet and other real toys

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And this can be done in  
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21 beautiful assorted cards for every occasion, with a selection of pastel envelopes

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Fun for all. A laugh in every card—fascinating!

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Captions in bright pink & blue—chic!

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Fine white paper, decorated in dainty pink and gold—scalloped edges

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# Girls!

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### INVITES YOU TO ENJOY

# An Exciting New Nature Hobby

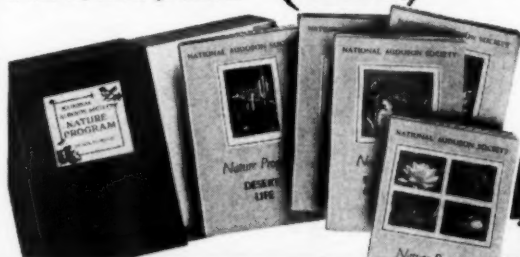


Here are two unusual "look-alikes". One is the owl—and the other, the spectacular Calico Butterfly which often alights upside down with his "owl-eyes" showing! Nature "protects her own" with fascinating camouflage!



In an ordinary woodland pond you can find an amazing variety of fascinating creatures. Your Nature Program tells you what to look for, how to go about it.

ALL PICTURES  
IN THRILLING  
**NATURAL  
COLORS!**



#### GIRL SCOUTS — JUST A FEW OF THE PROFICIENCY BADGES THE NATURE PROGRAM CAN HELP YOU EARN:

Explorer	Rambler	Pioneer
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Mammal	Wild Plant	Foot Traveler
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In summer, the snowshoe rabbit is the same color as his tundra home. But when autumn comes . . .



. . . the weather gets colder, and he starts to change color! When the ground is covered with snow . . .



. . . he has become all white—perfectly camouflaged once again!

#### CAMOUFLAGE IN NATURE

The astounding story plus 30 beautiful color pictures of Nature's creatures who wear "disguises" to protect them from their enemies.

## BOTH FREE!

IF YOU ENROLL  
ON THIS OFFER

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Illustrated handbook shows how to study, enjoy, attract Nature's creatures — how to build birdhouses, baths, feeding stations.

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Please send me FREE my introductory package, consisting of the CAMOUFLAGE IN NATURE collection of 30 natural color prints; a 7500-word informative album to mount them in; a handsome maroon-and-gold color album case; and the illustrated handbook FUN WITH BIRDS—all FREE. I understand that you plan to issue a new Nature series each month in cooperation with the National Audubon Society, for only \$1.00 each plus a small charge for shipping. After examining my FREE set, I'll notify you if I do not wish any others. I may cancel my subscription at any time I wish without further obligation.

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**SEND NO MONEY. MAIL COUPON PROMPTLY.**  
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Good only in U.S.A. and Canada.)

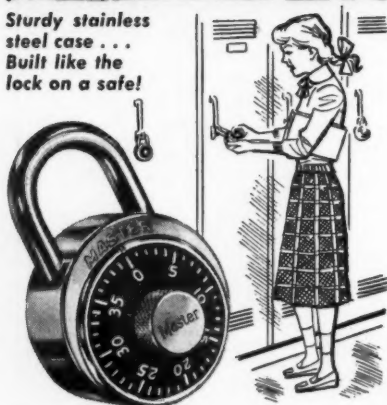
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ALWAYS ON GUARD DAY AND NIGHT

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# The AMERICAN GIRL

FOR ALL GIRLS—PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY GIRL SCOUTS OF THE U.S.A.

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### JULY COVER PHOTO

The big news everywhere at lakes and beaches this summer is water skiing. Michelle, our cover girl, learned the sport at Miami—now she and the boy friend appear to be having the time of their lives. "It's exciting—and so easy to learn!" Michelle says. "You start on dry sand! And you don't go near the water until you've learned just how to manage your skis!" Michelle had an expert at water skiing for her teacher. Turn to page 12 and read his advice for beginners—with pictures of the do's and don'ts. You'll want to try it, too—and with this help you may soon find yourself skipping over the water at the end of a towline, just as these two are doing.

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# The Water Witch

by ANNETTE TURNER

Illustrations by Will Davies



*Mystery and danger highlight an Arizona vacation in this engrossing new six-part serial*

PART ONE: Tufts of white cloud drifted across the brilliant blue of the Arizona sky. It was going to be another hot day, but Vicky Latimer was used to the heat by now. Her sombrero was tilted back and the breeze ruffled her brown hair as she leaned on the corral fence, waiting to begin the trip down the Bright Angel Trail to the bottom of the Grand Canyon. Inside the corral forty or more mules blinked sleepily at the small crowd gathered outside the fence. Vicky's eyes twinkled as she watched them.

"If Jed doesn't show up soon," Sara McGovern said beside her, "we're not going to be in the first party. How long does it take to run back to the jalopy for a pair of dark glasses?"

Vicky had been wondering the same thing. There was nothing unusual about Jed's deserting them. Since she had arrived in Arizona a month ago to visit the McGoverns, there had been many times when Sara and she had been in this same predicament, waiting around for Sara's young uncle to show up. If he took them picnicking on the desert, they waited, broiling in the sun, while he went off to investigate some old sand drift that had taken his fancy. If they fished or swam, explored ancient cliff dwellings, or climbed jagged bluffs, it was the same. Jed

would disappear before long, with that now-what-kind-of-rock-is-that look in his eye, sometimes lugging his Geiger counter along, lured by the dream of all prospectors.

"He won't find any uranium in the parking area," Vicky said, laughing.

"He won't find any uranium, period." Sara was the practical one—red-haired, freckled, and frank. "Did you ever know anyone more exasperating? We get up before the crack of dawn and drive a hundred miles in that old rattletrap in order to be in the first dude string, and we'll be lucky if we're in the last. He's probably fallen asleep in the car."

"If we go back to look for him, will they go off without us?" Vicky asked.

"Not if one of us stays here." Sara grinned. "You're elected, Vicky. But don't you get lost."

"No danger." Vicky slipped through the crowd of waiting on-lookers and riders, dodged a battery of clicking cameras, and set out toward the big hotel on the rim of the canyon. It wasn't hard to distinguish the old jalopy among the parked cars. The Rambling Wreck, as they called it, was the only one badly in



need of paint, the only one that looked sagging and decrepit.

When she was almost up to it, Vicky halted. Was that Jed, his back to her, examining the car's rear fender? The dark crew cut looked familiar, the plaid shirt and faded levis—but everyone wore those. "Jed," she called. To her amazement the man dropped out of sight between the rows of parked cars. She caught a fleeting glimpse of him a moment later, skimming away into the distance, like a partridge flushed from its nest.

Cautiously, Vicky approached the car. It couldn't have been Jed. Why on earth would he have rushed off? But if it wasn't Jed, who was it? Why should anyone else take an interest in the Rambling Wreck?

Frowning, Vicky circled the car slowly. She tried the doors, but they were locked. She turned away, uneasy and a little frightened. There was something odd about that man's sudden flight. And where *was* Jed? Had he gone off to look at the canyon, perhaps, and . . . What if he had seen some rock below the rim, had climbed down to examine it? A student at the Colorado School of Mines, he was an experienced climber, but even a budding geologist can fall, she reminded herself. Thousands

of feet to the bottom, here at the South Rim. But no one ever does fall, she thought a little wildly, and began to run. Where *was* Jed?

She was racing back toward the crowd about the mules, when she heard pounding footsteps behind her and whirled around. "Jed!" This time it was the right dark crew cut, the right plaid shirt and blue levis, and the teasing, exasperating grin could belong to no one but Jed McGovern. "You're a fine one!" Vicky burst out indignantly. "Sara and I have been frantic; we didn't know what had happened to you."

Jed braked to a stop in front of her, laughing. "Where were you running from, or to, I'd like to know?"

"You didn't come back and—Jed, were you over at the jalopy just a minute ago? And did you rush off when I came up?"

"I've been exploring the hotel. What's this about the jalopy?" He took her arm and hurried her along toward the corral.

"Someone was looking at it," Vicky said.

"Why not? It's a museum piece. But it runs." He wasn't at all disturbed.

Maybe it had been that simple, Vicky thought. When they were near the gate and saw Sara waving to them, she added hurriedly, "But he *ran* away, Jed."

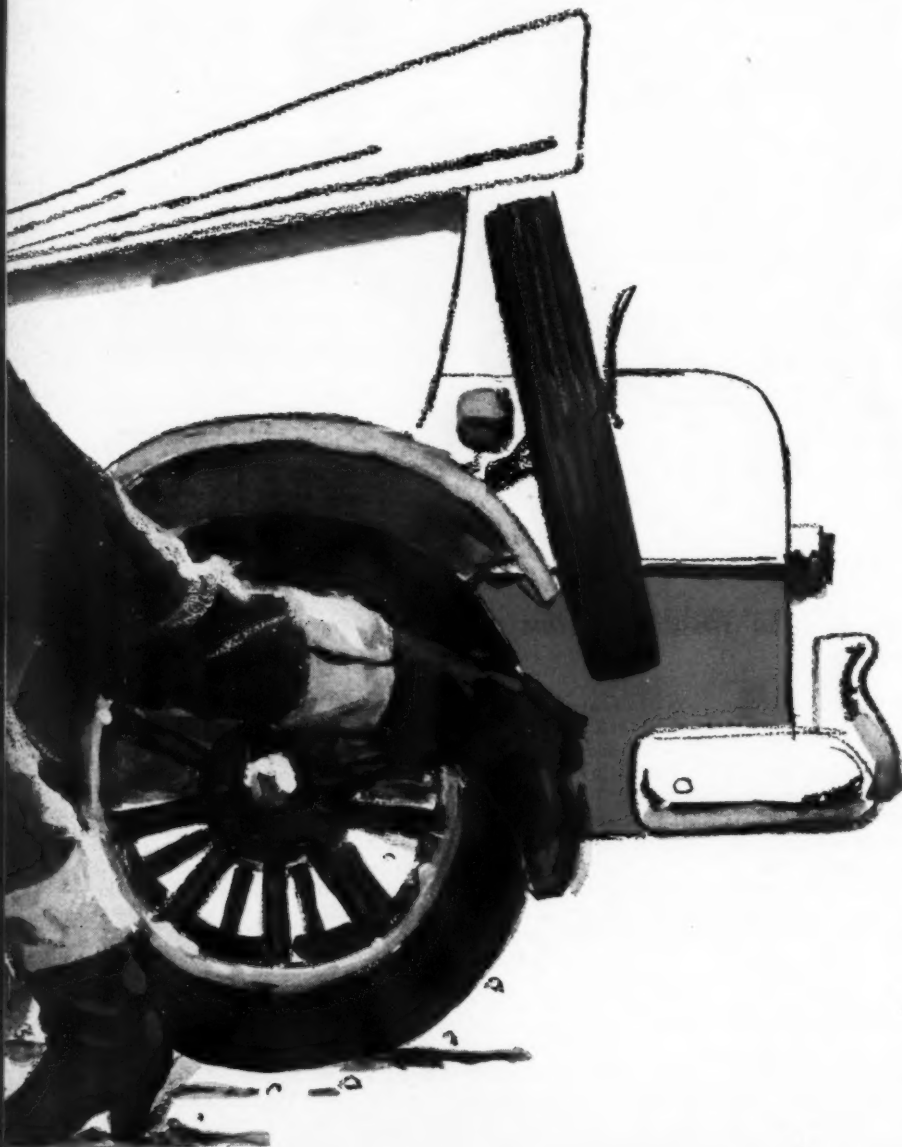
His only answer was a smile. It said, "You're a nice little girl, but not very bright, or maybe you've been touched by the sun. Just leave everything to me and forget it." Vicky felt herself flushing. She liked Jed McGovern better than any boy she had ever met, but when he looked at her like that, she felt there was a great distance between seventeen and twenty, between being just out of high school and almost a junior in college. It was the same comforting, reassuring look he gave the smallest McGovern when she fell and bruised a knee.

Sara had been chatting across the fence with the corral boss. "I've tried to bewitch him so he wouldn't look at his watch," she said. "But there he goes now."

"All aboard for the Bright Angel Trail!" The onlookers fell back, the ticket holders pressed forward. They flocked through the gate, the first eight or nine of them. Vicky was assigned a mule, handed into the saddle, and her camera was tied to the pommel. She watched the others mount, and saw the lunch boxes tucked into the saddlebags. With their guide at the head, the first string began to move, single file, through the gate and down the trail.

The crowd and the hotel were left behind. Carefully, neatly, the mules picked their way along the ledge. The narrow trail clung perilously to the rust-red wall, twisting and turning in sharp switchbacks. Now and then Vicky's foot in the stirrup grazed the rocks, while on her other side the world fell away in a dizzying plunge which made her swallow nervously. "There's no animal more sure-footed than a Grand Canyon mule," Jed had told her on the trip up to the South Rim that morning. "They go to school for months before they're allowed to work." She reminded herself of that now. Ahead of her the guide lounged in the saddle, turning to look back at his party. Behind her Jed and Sara waved and called attention to the view.

But though the sheer drop ceased to



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bother her, uneasiness rode with Vicky all the way down the Bright Angel Trail. Soberly she looked out over the "gorgeous gorge," as Sara called it, and marveled at the vastness of it, at the glorious display of color stretching as far as the eye could see. The distant walls were streaked with it, and from the depths rose pinnacles of saffron yellow, of hazy gray-blue and violet, of rust and red. What seemed to be castles and battlements of amber and russet stone, the sun turned now to dusky rose, now to gold. Vicky had never seen such magnificent colors — like a sunset, caught and held. There ought to be a tremendous burst of organ music now, she thought, or a chorus of a million voices singing "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God." It was so awesome and so beautiful that it made her throat ache and her eyes sting.

In the presence of such grandeur, her thoughts ought all to be lofty ones, she felt, and was annoyed with herself because she couldn't shake off her uneasiness. What if they got back to the top and discovered the jalopy's gas tank was bone dry? That would explain why that man had run off. Could it have been Jed after all? Or was she imagining the whole thing? Her family back in New York teased her often about being too fanciful, about leaping before she looked. When they had given her the trip west for a graduation gift, her father had added jokingly that after a summer with the calm and serene Sara he hoped Vicky would settle down a little. But Dad hadn't met Sara's favorite uncle, Vicky thought with a little sigh.

Even Sara wasn't so serene when she talked about the difficulties Jed had got himself into. He had wagered everything on the Water Witch, borrowed money in order to buy the remarkable horse, and spent endless hours teaching her a number of tricks—all in hope that he would be hired to ride her in some movie. The small canyon in which the McGovernns had their so-called ranch — a country place of some twenty acres — was a favorite with film companies on location.

"Last summer Jed was all set to make his fortune," Sara had said, "and what happened? No film company showed up. Jed worked in a garage in Prescott, but with the Witch eating up almost everything he earned, he barely managed to go back to school last fall. He knows he shouldn't have bought the Witch, he shouldn't have gone into debt, and now he's desperate. As well as stubborn."

That had been the situation on Vicky's arrival. But a few days later a new film company, small but promising, had arrived in the canyon to make a picture Jed called "Wagons." He had hired himself out at once as a handyman, helped to build the frontier village on the edge of the mesa, and made himself useful to Bert Oldham, the young producer-director, to the cameramen, and the small but demanding cast. By the time the set was ready, Mr. Oldham was so taken with the Water Witch, her roguish airs and the stunts she could perform in the river, that he had even gone so far as to order some changes in the script. The river and the Witch—with Jed riding her—would be an important part of the picture, he promised.

The trouble was that "Wagons" kept bogging down. One mishap after another delayed the shooting schedule. Each day Jed rode over hopefully, the Witch dancing down the trail in her eagerness. Sometimes they worked a little, but all too often Jed came riding back, the Witch dejected and Jed trying to laugh it off.

"Wagons' got stuck in the desert sands again," he would say with a wry grin as he slid from the saddle. "Report tomorrow." But tomorrow there would be another delay.

Several days ago he had said, "Another hitch." He had winked at Vicky. "Guess they're dredging out (Continued on page 39)

"Jed," she called.  
To her surprise the man  
shot out of sight



First date... first dance—Barby found the whole thing difficult and scary



## THE WONDERFUL TIME

*The Cotillion bid! I belong, she thought gratefully, a feeling of excitement surging over her*

AFTER A MOMENT of juggling an armful of books and a tennis racket, Barby managed to open and squeeze through the screen door. The letters on the table by the door caught her eye. Dropping everything in the nearest chair, she picked up the mail.

There was a thick, cream-colored letter for her. Barby laid the other letters back on the table and stood there with the thick envelope in her hand. A feeling of excitement welled up within her. *The Cotillion bid!* She opened the envelope and slipped out the heavy invitation.

*The Cotillion requests the pleasure... Barbara Douglas... Fall Formal... the Westminster Country Club, October 5.*

She touched the card gently. *She belonged.* There were a lot of girls who would give anything for this bid. But what good was a Cotillion bid without a date?



by DELORES LEHR

Illustration by Stephanie

year of Cotillion . . . it's a wonderful time, Barby."

With a little sigh Barby put her head back on the couch. First dates, first dances, first year of Cotillion. . . It all seemed very difficult and frightening to her, yet Mom had called it a wonderful time. Barby repeated the phrase softly to herself, ". . . a wonderful time." When, if ever, would she begin to find it so? Would she ever buy a blue dress just because a certain boy liked blue . . . or wear her hair a special way . . . ?

Barby walked the three blocks to the tennis courts slowly, her racket hanging limply in her hand. There was usually one of the gang from the school tennis team around to play with. But today the courts were empty.

"Hi . . ."

Barby jumped, dropping her racket. A tall boy, who had been sitting on a bench over by the tree, scooped up her racket and handed it to her.

"I said hi," he repeated with a grin.

Barby swallowed and smiled a little. "Hello."

"Waiting for someone?" His face was tan and smooth. His eyes were as blue as the sky above and his hair was as bright as the sun.

Barby shook her head.

"Well, how about a game? I've been hoping someone would come along."

"All right." Barby slipped off her sweater, tucked in her blouse and went to the other side of the court.

"I'll take that side. Sun," he yelled, and crossed over. Barby smiled at him shyly as she crossed to the other side.

In a few moments she forgot everything but the game. He was good and kept her pounding back and forth across the court. He took the first game and Barby came back to win the next one.

"How about resting before the play-off?" he called.

"Okay," gasped Barby, trying to catch her breath. He sat down beside her on the bench under the tree and she could see how strong and brown his neck was where his shirt fell away from his throat.

"What's your name?" he asked in a pleasant voice.

"Barby. Barbara Douglas."

"You play a keen game, Barby."

"Thanks. So do you."

"Look, my name's Dick Forester. Where do you live, go to school? Details."

Barby laughed. "I go to Olmos Heights and I live on Mulberry Street, three blocks down."

"I'm visiting," he said.

Barby's heart gave a plunge. He didn't live here; she probably wouldn't see him again.

"In a sense, I'm visiting," he added. "I'm staying with my grandparents, General and Mrs. Forester. Know them?"

Barby nodded. "Oh, yes. Everyone does."

"I'm staying with them until school's out. My parents are in Japan. My father's in the Army, so I'm finishing the term at Mission Military. Then to Japan this summer. And there you have the story of my life."

"Sounds wonderful. Traveling," said Barby dreamily.

"It's all right. The General wanted me to finish military school here in the States before I go to the Point next year . . . I hope."

"You go to West Point next year?" Barby repeated in awe.

"I hope," he repeated. "What are you, sophomore?"

Barby nodded.

"Hey, the sun's going down. We'd better finish this game."

Barby looked at her watch. "Oh, I can't! I'm sorry. I didn't know it was so late."

"Well, how about a play-off tomorrow? Meet you here at four?"

Barby nodded and when he fell into step beside her she protested, "You don't have to see me home."

"Sure I will. Come on." He put a hand under her elbow and a strange tingling went up Barby's arm.

School the next day was a dazed memory. When she came home in the afternoon, Barby hurried upstairs and changed to her favorite blue blouse. She brushed her hair carefully and applied her lipstick with special pains.

She walked up the street slowly, but when she reached the courts Dick was not there. A boy and girl she didn't know were playing in the court nearest the street. Barby sat down on the bench under the tree. Suppose Dick didn't come? How long should she wait? Suppose he had forgotten all about her?

Then Dick came running up. "Sorry I'm late."

"Oh, you're not; I'm early," Barby said, the words tumbling out in a rush of relief. Again she noticed the brightness of his hair and his nice smile.

"Say, on you blue looks swell," he said, smiling down into her eyes.

Dick took the first game. "Okay, so I'm the champ. How about another two out of three?" he called across the court.

Barby nodded happily. The sun was warm and there was just enough breeze to stir the trees. She wished that time could stand still or that this would happen again and again and again. How did girls keep boys coming back—keep them interested? Maybe Dick had a girl. The thought filled her with dismay.

She lost the first game, but played the second one as though it were a championship match. Finally she managed a slam shot that won the game for her. She was breathless when Dick ran over to her.

"Boy, was that a game, Barby! Come on, let's rest a minute."

Barby's eyes met his for an instant and she could tell he (Continued on page 28)

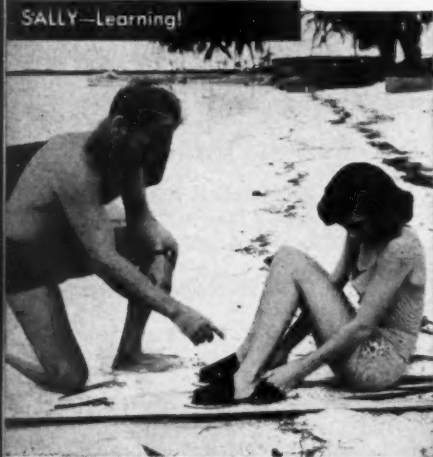
Some girls dated — some didn't. Barby hadn't — yet.

The Cotillion, which represented Barton Springs society with a capital "S," was very exclusive. Each year a limited number of invitations to its four wonderful balls, highlights of the social season, were extended to a carefully selected list of Barton Springs' boys and girls. What girl wouldn't want to belong? But a Cotillion girl could date only a boy who was also a member of the Cotillion. The boys in school who were members were the popular, sought-after boys, and they dated the popular girls.

Barby had three weeks before the dance. If she had no date, of course she couldn't go. That would solve everything. Except that her mother would be so disappointed.

What was it Mom had said? "The first

SALLY—Learning!



On the beach is the place to start the lesson. Buddy shows Sally how to adjust the skis, and correct starting position



Sally's real take-off fails because she didn't keep her legs tight against her chest. Skis float from under her, cross



As the towboat begins to move away, she lets one ski get ahead of the other out of the water, thus giving her a bad start

# Water Skiing Is Easy!

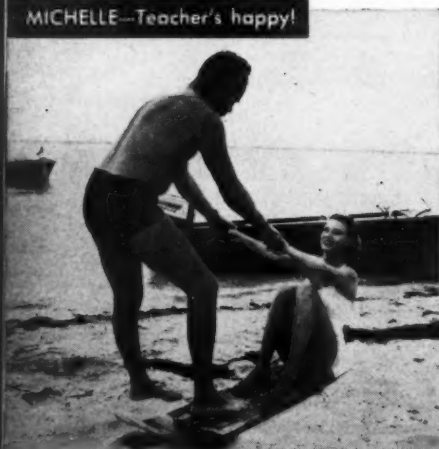
by BUDDY LANDESS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RALPH M. BAXTER

Thousands of teen-agers this summer  
are finding this sport full of fun and thrills!

Michelle is almost a graduate—but Buddy wants her to practice the take-off once more, as his hand replaces towline pull

MICHELLE—Teacher's happy!



Fine! She's learned to keep knees bent, arms straight, body slightly forward, as Buddy pulls her up the way tow will do



Michelle keeps arms extended, ski tips out of water as boat pulls rope between skis. Buddy holds arm to give her confidence





*She's off—at last! But, ouch! What's wrong? That right ski has hooked into the towrope. Buddy is quick to rescue*



*She's up, the towboat is pulling her, and she'll surely make it this time on her own, with Buddy at hand to give good advice*



*But no!—Well, just one little spill! Sally lost her balance as Buddy let go her arm; next time she'll keep calm and be all right*

brought it within the means of most families. At many lakes and beaches the towboat is now available for hire.

The thrill of being towed through the water on skis is really something new under the sun. It began in the late 1920's with a French ski troop stationed in the Alps. Their chief recreation was skijoring—skiing on snow while being towed by a horse. But one day a trooper took up the dare to try skijoring on the lake with a motorboat. He gave a performance that soon had everyone eager for a try. The new sport spread rapidly to the vacationers on the French Riviera, and it's said that a member of the Jay Gould family brought it to the United States.

You start learning to water ski on dry land. Place your skis on the beach, parallel and about six to nine inches apart. Push

your foot into each binding, as far forward as possible, and pull the heel piece up. When the skis are adjusted, sit down on the back ends of them, with your knees up tight against your chest. Have someone hold one end of the towrope, while you hold the other, with your arms out straight. Or he can simply take your hands. Now let him pull hard, with no help from you, until you are in a standing position. That's just what will happen when the towboat goes into action. Before you go into the water, practice this several times, letting yourself be pulled to an upright position, with knees bent, arms straight, body slightly forward.

Now you're ready for your first try in the water. Go out to about two-and-a-half-foot depth, put on your skis, sit back, grasp the bar of the towline, and signal

to the boat driver to start up, giving you a fast, steady pull. Let the line bring you up slowly to the standing position, just as you did on land. Don't pull with your arms at the take-off—let the boat pull you.

Once you are upright, your skis are pointed out of the water, and you lean backward against the pull of the towrope. Tell your boat driver not to exceed a speed of twenty to twenty-five miles per hour until you get the feel of water skiing.

Soon you'll be skimming the water in the wake of your boat, and ready to learn a few simple maneuvers. To steer your skis to the right, relax your knees, and push slightly with your left leg, leaning to the right at the same time. Reverse the procedure for a left turn.

To cross the wake, you use the same technique as for (Continued on page 39)

*Riding beside his pupil, Buddy gives her a lesson in the correct way to cross the wake of the towboat. Yes, she'll do it*

*Pleased with her success, Michelle is so courageous she lets go one hand on the towrope and skis happily beside Buddy*

*Home at last! And a good trip, too! Near shore, Michelle lets go the towline and her skis sink slowly through water to sand*



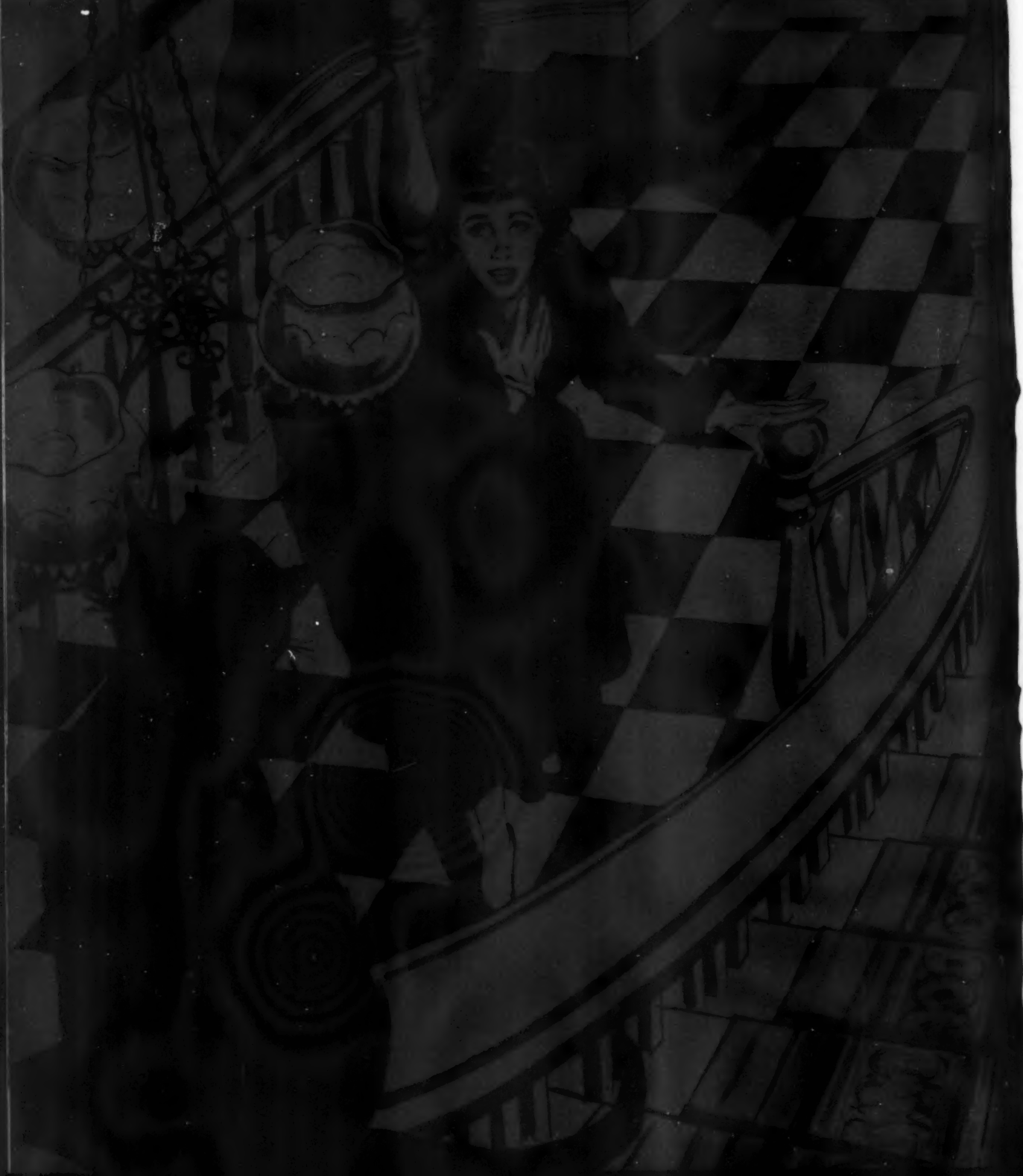
*Towboat powered by Evinrude Big Twin motor*



# Prowlers in the Night

by CLAUDE A. HALEM

Illustration by John L. Smith



## Bitsey's spine-tingling experience is guaranteed to stand your hair on end

SOMEWHERE ACROSS THE RAIN-BLACKENED rooftops of the sleeping town, the clock struck three somber notes . . . three in the morning!

Bitsey Melville—pretty, shy, and small for sixteen—hesitated on the steps of Great-aunt Melissa's gloomy old house. Regretfully, she watched the taxi's red-eyed taillight disappear down the drive. Almost instantly it was swallowed up by the tree-shrouded darkness, and she was alone.

Three o'clock! The muffled echo shivered down Bitsey's slim back. The slow old milk train she had taken from Clardell, fifty miles away, where she was a high school resident student, had been delayed due to a washout of tracks. But reaching home at this hour . . .

Aunt Melissa'll have a fit! She just waits to pounce on everything I do wrong . . . and she probably won't even listen while I try to explain.

Already Bitsey felt herself shrinking down, mouse-sized, before her aunt's towering personality—the piercing gray eyes, the high-piled white hair, and the granite-stern face.

Maybe she's forgotten all about me and already left on her vacation to Saldlick, Bitsey thought, wiping cold rain and a hint of tears from her blue eyes. Maybe that's why she didn't show up at the closing-day program as she promised. Here I've had all this worry, and this foolish trip home to find out what's wrong—all for nothing!

Still, Aunt Melissa never broke her word! Something must have happened. The worry that had nagged at Bitsey ever since the afternoon's play had ended without the arrival of her aunt, tugged at her again.

Passing up tonight's very last high school dance had been bad enough . . . but the real blow was the camping trip! Bitsey had planned for weeks to leave the day school closed for a mountain trip with eight classmates and a sponsor.

It would have worked out well, too, for Aunt Melissa always closed her house on June first, pensioned off the cook and Jock, the lame old handy man, and departed for her seashore cottage, where Bitsey would join her later. When the afternoon program ended and no Aunt Melissa appeared, Bitsey had sent off a frantic wire. She had waited and worried right up until traintime, but no reply came. Then, torn between duty to the dour old recluse and her longing to start the vacation trip with the others, she had caught the train for home to find out what was wrong.

Shivering, Bitsey stared up at the dark house, squatting among the overhanging trees like a monstrous toad. Familiar dread pricked along her spine as she mounted the steps to the vine-covered porch. Trees creaked complainingly in the wind; rustling leaves seemed to whisper warningly all about her. A storm-broken branch seesawed against the house with a monotonous scratching. A shutter banged suddenly in the wind. Bitsey's face paled under its dusting of freckles in the lightning's jagged flash, as thunder muttered in the west. Pulling her coat closer about her, she huddled back in a corner out of the rain for a moment, while she got a grip on herself. She always stalled like this when she had to face Aunt Melissa!

I guess it's no use trying to fool her, Bitsey thought for the hundredth time. She knows I'll never be big and brave and beautiful as her daughter was—"a true Melville," as she's always saying. But maybe I'd become a bitter old woman, too, if I'd lost my husband and only child all at once in that accident as she did. Only . . . I wish she liked me a little. She didn't even bother to come to the play when I had the lead part, or to answer my wire; or care enough to send old Jock to the station with the car.

But Bitsey was glad old Jock hadn't come. She had always shied away from that strange, glowering old man—stone-deaf and uncommunicative as he was! The sleepy station

agent had routed out the town's only taxi, while Bitsey tried to call Aunt Melissa from the pay station. When the operator informed her, "This number has been temporarily disconnected," Bitsey felt a moment of sheer panic.

Disconnected? It couldn't be! Then she remembered. Aunt Melissa always had the telephone, gas, and electricity turned off for the summer before she went away. Maybe it was really true that, unused to having a bothersome teenager underfoot, she had simply forgotten all about Bitsey and left.

Serves me right, Bitsey stormed to herself; if I'd just been honest with her from the very first. "Look, Aunt Melissa," I should have said, "it's very kind of you to take me in while Dad's on that assignment abroad for his newspaper, but I don't like this any better than you do! Dad and I have managed alone all right since Mom died. We never bothered you before. But when Dad's big chance came, I couldn't stand in the way! I couldn't stay in New York alone . . . you are our only relative . . . so what else could we do?" A smile trembled across Bitsey's cold lips, as she pictured the scene.

Then I'd have looked her right in the eye and said, "I'm grateful, but I don't like your spooky old house, nor that big, mean-tempered cat Lucifer, nor that creepy old Jock, nor the fierce way you look at me, as if I were nothing but a spineless, silly kid! But I've got to stay here until Dad comes back, so please—let's make the best of it and be friends!"

But she hadn't said anything of the kind. She had pretended she didn't care . . . pretended she wasn't lonely, as she cried herself to sleep, until she discovered two friendly neighbors near her own age—Kitty and Burt. They had invited her to join them one day during the midyear holiday, and suddenly Bitsey had friends who included her in all their activities. They even insisted she attend Clardell School as a resident student with them. Bitsey had tried to talk Aunt Melissa into letting her go.

But at breakfast one morning Aunt Melissa had announced she was sending Bitsey to The Pentlarge School, her own alma mater in Boston.

"All the Melville women have gone there for generations," she said. "It's time you began acting like a Melville. Pentlarge trains young women to be ladies!"

Tears and pleading had availed nothing; Aunt Melissa's word seemed final! Sick with disappointment, Bitsey had moped around the house; until—at the last possible moment—the old lady suddenly relented. "Just like the mean old lion in the fable," Kitty had giggled, when the two girls talked it over, later.

Bitsey still blushed when she remembered how she had seized her aunt's hand in tearful gratitude.

"Oh, thank you . . . thank you, dear Aunt Melissa!" she had blurted impulsively, "you've simply saved my life! Maybe—maybe some day I can do something for you!"

"That's quite unlikely!" Aunt Melissa had snorted, pulling herself away from Bitsey's arms. "No coddling now! You just behave yourself and study hard. Try to be a credit to your father, and the Melville name."

"Oh, I will. I'll make both you and Dad proud of me!"

Aunt Melissa had stomped out of the room. Bitsey remembered old Lucifer, watching the scene from the hearth, had sneered through his whiskers and stalked disdainfully after her.

I don't care what she thinks of me! Bitsey had raged; yet here she was this very minute, sacrificing the dance and her very first vacation with girls her own age, just because she was worried over the old lady! Something might be wrong, but what?

(Continued on page 36)



## FUTILITY

### First Poetry Award

*The merciless stone sped toward its mark.  
Its prey plummeted down with broken white  
wing  
Down to the breast of the tranquil earth  
Down to the mother that shelters her dead sons.  
The tousled boy laughed, and head high,  
Stalked off in glory—the mighty warrior.*

*The cold gray steel barked in anger.  
The soldier dropped down with gaping wound  
Down on the breast of the tranquil earth  
Down to the mother that shelters her dead sons.  
The tired foe smiled, but remained  
Kneeling in deep mud—a frightened boy.*

*The man-made death smote searingly.  
The ravished bowels of earth spewed high,  
then hurtled  
Down through the monstrous mushrooming evil  
Down to no mother, nor bones of her dead sons.  
For naught of earth remained. God wept and  
watched  
The whirling broken bits—the aimless soul.*

CAROL ANNE McSWEENEY (age 17) Wellesley, Mass.

## PATTERNS

### First Nonfiction Award

The great gulls of the river glided about in the dusk, screaming in their Cassandra voices. They looked like white spirits of the river as they dipped and rose with the wind currents. The city, which is always most alive in the night, began to light up, and there was the usual air of expectancy before dark. The neon lights mixed strangely with the last vivid streaks of sunlight in the sky. Somewhere a jukebox played a tune that was somehow incongruous.

One of the white shapes on the railing near the river separated itself from the rest, flapped its great wings a few times, and then glided off. It was a big bird, and it flew as a ship sails. Steadily it went up, up slowly, as sea gulls do, wavering sometimes with the wind. For a moment it stood still in mid-air, and in that moment caught a bit of disappearing light on its white back. The bird was suddenly no longer a sea gull but a burning phoenix. It flew with the light, making fantastic patterns in the air with its wings. Suddenly it began to plummet downward, glittering sometimes like a precious stone. Then it became just a streak of light, as it fell.

For a moment the whole whirling, jumbled jungle of the city was centered on that spot, waiting for the sea gull to come up with a little

Here is your own department in the magazine.  
Send us your best original short stories, poems, nonfiction,  
photographs, and drawings. See page 49 for details

fish or something in its claws. There were only the small, disturbed waves of the river.

... A car whizzed by, the neon lights blazed furiously, and from somewhere, not too far away, mixed with the music from a jukebox, the sound of people's laughter.

AGUEDA PIZARRO (age 13) Brooklyn, New York

## A BOY AND A HORSE

### First Fiction Award

Pepe watched the new-born colt stand on his wobbly legs for the first time. The colt was his and he could see that the Alasan, as Pepe named him, was going to be a big, strong, and fast horse. Pepe knew now as he touched the soft reddish chestnut coat that the long months of waiting for him were worth it.

In the next month, Pepe could hardly leave the fast-growing Alasan. Both the boy and the colt learned to love each other and by the time the Alasan was eight months old he was being ridden and he loved it.

Early in the morning, Pepe would go out and get the Alasan. The rope around his neck

would be made into a bridle and a sack flung on his back. Pepe would climb on, and off they'd go thundering down the hill, a boy and a colt going to school. When they arrived at the schoolhouse, the rope bridle would be made into a halter so the Alasan could eat grass while Pepe studied. About three in the afternoon by the schoolhouse you could see an anxious little colt waiting eagerly for Pepe and the race home.

Seven years went by and then it happened. Pepe was eighteen and he had to go in training for the Army. The sad day came when the man and horse, who were once boy and colt, said good-bye. A few people who lived in Pepe's small village wept as they saw Pepe board the train and turn and call good-bye to the Alasan.

Two years went by and the Alasan grew lonelier and lonelier although he was being treated quite well. When taken out to work, he didn't pay much attention to what he was doing.

A few weeks later a message came that Pepe had decided to stay with the Army and was being sent abroad and probably wouldn't be home again for a long time.

The Alasan now walked around with his head hanging down. The once beautiful horse was thin and ugly.

One day Pepe's father came in from the fields. "He's just no good any more," he complained. Pepe's mother looked up. "I remember when the horse was sleek and spirited and did his work well." She turned her head, wiped her eyes, and said softly, "That was when Pepe was here."

"Conchita, I've made a decision," said Pepe's father. "We're going to sell the Alasan." Pepe's mother didn't say anything. "I'm sorry, but we have to," he said with sympathy in his voice. The woman nodded her head in consent.

In the next two weeks two men came to look at the horse. The first left without even asking anything, but the second man who came finally agreed upon a price with Pepe's father. They went into the yard, caught the Alasan, and the man led him away. Pepe's parents watched the two go down the road. At the turn in the road the Alasan wouldn't budge any farther. The new owner took up a stick and hit the horse on the rump. Pepe's father ran down the road calling to the man. He arrived breathless. "Don't hit that horse!"

"Why not?" said the man. "He's mine."

"I didn't know you were going to beat him or I wouldn't have sold him to you."

"Yes, but this nag won't move!" and the man started to hit the Alasan again.

(Continued on page 45)



### FIRST PHOTOGRAPHY AWARD:

Pat Heinitz (age 12)

Hemlock, Michigan



# BEAUTY in the SUN

by GLYNNE

**There's no beauty tonic like sunlight—but be sure to take it according to directions!**

**S**UDDENLY IT'S HOT! Everywhere the dazzling sunlight is caught up in little pools. It's gleaming over your topknot, sending warm flecks into your eyes, and—there it goes, across the plane of your cheek, and on downward to the hollow of your throat. Well! What more proof do you need? It's too hot to somersault or to leap with joy. Yet, you feel excited—because this is July, and summer is really here.

In the warm sunlight you can look your best. But summertime can also unfold a cloud of beauty hazards about you. If you know how to steer clear of the hot-weather perils, you can be your loveliest—all summer long—without any regrets!

Part of your beauty plan is getting out into the sunlight. Sunshine stimulates and improves the texture of the skin and gives you your dose of vitamin D without even a whiff of cod liver oil. Then, too, you can get yourself a fetching tan, if you cultivate a few sane sunning habits.

**Done—but not to a Crisp!** The important tanning tip is—get it *gradually*. After a long winter, the desire to drench yourself with sun is tempting. Don't give in to it or you'll discover the story has a dismal end. You'll sport a lobster-look, with blisters perhaps, for many a week. So—play it slow. It takes weeks of gradual exposure before the skin can stand up to a prolonged summer's glare.

A ration of fifteen minutes in the sun is sufficient for the first day. Give yourself a few minutes longer each succeeding day. Try to take these first sun baskings in the morning or late afternoon; the rays are most intense in the noontime hours. When time's up—back into your togs or beachrobe, on with your sunbonnet, and if you are on the beach, head for your umbrella.

Tanning is the body's own way of protecting the skin against sunburn. Those ultraviolet rays you hear so much about are healthful in small packages, but were we to absorb uncontrolled amounts we'd be badly burned. Nature answers this SOS. It puts up a screen to block out some of the rays. It is

this screen we refer to when we say, "Oh, what a lovely tan!"

As your hue deepens, two things happen: your outer layer of skin thickens; and pigmentation gets under way. The result—your "screen" works better and better for you as the summer rolls on!

**Oceans of Lotions:** For some people a suntan is a sheer marvel. It can transform an olive-skinned schoolgirl into a tawny goddess, or a fair-haired lass into a vision of gold. If you tan easily, do get the suntan lotion habit. This holds for brunettes, brownettes, and blonds—for everyone except those with hypersensitive skins. A sunburn preventive is no mere high-fashion fad. It's here to stay. It prolongs the time you would ordinarily spend in the sun *without burning*. The best kind are nongreasy and nonstaining. Don't forget to reapply after a dip. Incidentally, a few years ago, people started buying baby oils and the rage spread. There still isn't a sliver of proof that baby oil offers any protection against sunburn.

Keep a special watch for the hazy, partly cloudy days—especially at the beach. They are meanies. You don't feel a thing at the time, so happily you go—cavorting unprotected—for hours. Just how powerful that sun really was is the sad discovery you make later!

The fair-skinned blonds and redheads burn faster than their darker-skinned cousins because their skins are thinner and contain less pigmentation. If you have an ultrasensitive skin—one that reddens, gets blotchy and irritated in the sun—let's face it: a tan is *not* for you! Of course, you don't retire from all outdoor fun. Instead, you use a sunproofing cream. Such creams act as total sun blocks by forming an invisible film over the skin. Even the hardier-skinned can dab this cream on sensitive areas—such as nose, lips, shoulders, back of knees, to prevent painful spot burning.

The sunproofing creams are ideal, too, for freckles that blossom in the sun. Apply a thin coat all over the face and a little extra on the nose. But—we beg you— (Continued on page 34)

Drawing by Clare McCanna





**CONVERTIBLE . . .** The softened shirt-top closed to a sliver of a double collar . . . Open, a double-shirt look by way of a dotted dickey. Cotton fabric in peacock or tangerine with full, black skirt; 8-14 subteen, "Pre-teens" by Paramount. About \$9

# Doubleli



**REVERSIBLE . . .** Swing skirt, Paisley-type print over solid, worn beautifully either way, about \$8. Printed doll-sleeve shirt, about \$4. Or, if you prefer it solid, about \$3. By Touraine; in Catawba, a Springmaid cotton-Everglaze, size 7-15 for teens



*More for your money . . . Four love  
through the year . . . Each w  
designed to make your wardro*

# elividend

**COMPATIBLE . . .** Three-part charmer, each a good mixer. Under the bellhop jacket, full-skirted jumper frames a snow-white Orlon sweater. Skirt and jacket...charcoal gray or brown, red, or periwinkle cotton. By Petiteen, 8-14 subteen; about \$15



**ADAPTABLE . . .** to take you practically anywhere, by Marcie Dale. The sleeveless jerkin, printed cotton-corduroy; lilac, gray, or turquoise; about \$6. Pencil-slim skirt, about \$5. Matching solid Acrilan-and-Orlon sweater, about \$4. All 10-16 teen



loves to wear now and straight  
h with plus feature of its own,  
ardro now and grow. Stores on page 49

PHOTOGRAPH BY BENEDICT





UTENSILS COURTESY OF BLOOMINGDALE BROS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MAS ITO

**R**EADY FOR THE PICNIC?" called Miss Sanderson as she stopped her car. "Hello, Janet, I'm glad you could come with Judy and me today. Everything is in the back of the car, so hop in, girls."

As Judy and Janet, one of her classmates, climbed in, Judy said, "I'm glad you suggested bringing Janet. I've been telling her about our cooking sessions, and that you're going to show me how to cook on an outdoor fireplace today, because I've been elected chef for our class picnic. I can't wait!"

Miss Sanderson, Judy's home-economist friend, laughed. "It's quite a drive to the beach, you know." She enjoyed their cooking sessions as much as Judy did and was delighted with her enthusiasm and increasing skill.

"Are we going to do a barbecue?" asked Judy. "A girl from out West told me about the wonderful ones they have."

"Whoa! Those generally are all-day affairs. We don't have time for that. We will do a kind of barbecuing that is really broiling. People in different parts of the country have special ways of cooking outdoors, and favorite recipes for special foods."

At the beach, Miss Sanderson suggested that Judy make the fire while she and Janet unpacked. "Here is the charcoal," she said, "and strips of butter and margarine cartons to use for lighters. Put them among the pieces of charcoal and light them. They ignite the charcoal quickly."

"What's on the menu for today?" Judy asked.

"**Barbecued chicken**, for one thing. It's in that basket, cut into serving pieces. We could have brought **salmon steaks** and cooked them the same way—in or on a rack over a bed of coals, basting with melted butter, margarine, shortening, or salad oil, depending on your taste. The grease or oil helps with the browning, keeps the food from drying out, and gives flavor. We'll add salt for more flavor, and a little paprika to give color and help speed the browning."

"If we can't afford chicken for our class picnic, can we do hamburgers?"

"Of course. Choose whichever fits your budget. Prices vary across the country and by seasons. Allow half a pound of chicken (including bone) or a third of a pound of hamburger for a serving."

"There are also many inexpensive and delicious things — like **Campfire Stew**, **Chili con Carne**, **Fish Chowder**—that you can cook for a large group on an outdoor picnic. I'll give you recipes for them, and for **Barbecue Sauce for Chicken** later on."

"Do I see **corn-on-the-cob**?" exclaimed Judy. "But where's the kettle to boil it in?"

"No kettle," Miss Sanderson told her. "We'll cook it right on the grate."

"But how will we keep it from burning?"

"The husks do that. I soaked the ears in cold water for a couple of hours, so the husks will provide steam to cook the kernels and delay burning. We will put the ears on just as they are. The silk will come out easily when we pull back the husks after roasting."

# Cooking with Judy

*Outdoor meals are fun for everyone  
when the cook has a few special tricks*

by ALICE C. SANDERSON

When you cook corn for the class, allow at least two ears apiece."

While Judy busied herself with the fire Miss Sanderson and Janet set a table with a gay checked tablecloth and colorful paper plates and napkins. "A picnic isn't an excuse to be sloppy," Miss Sanderson remarked.

"Another thing that is very important: on picnics—especially in summer, because of the heat and the flies that always seem to follow where there is food—we have to be very careful to protect food from spoiling, particularly when serving large groups."

"Keep things cool in the home refrigerator. Then wrap them in several layers of newspapers, and do not open the packages until ready to use. Insulated bags, jugs, and tubs are useful, too. Salads with eggs, cold chicken, or fish need special care because they spoil so quickly."

"The flames have died down and the fire is almost all red coals," said Judy. "Can I begin to cook now?"

"Yes, the fire is just right. Put the pieces of chicken, skin side up first, on the grill. The melted grease is in this pan, with the seasonings, and here is a long-handled spoon for basting. Turn the pieces with these tongs as they brown. They should cook in a half hour or a little more. Ten to fifteen minutes before the chicken is done you can put the corn on the grate too, and turn it occasionally."

Judy eyed the kettle of water that Miss (Continued on page 30)

# A Posy Party

When skies are blue it's time for  
you to have a little fun  
and frolic with your best friends

by IDA M. PARDUE

Drawings by Seymour Nydorf

SUMMERTIME just calls for a posy party, with garden or porch for its setting. A five-cent 3" x 5" rainbow scratch-tablet will give you plenty of material for invitations. Use one sheet of paper, folded in half, for each invitation. Paste a flower seal, or cutout, on the front of each folder. Write this inside:

## COME TO A POSY PARTY

Bring a pretty posy  
For some party fun  
If it is the smallest—  
Or, the biggest one—  
Or, if you bring a flower  
No one else can name—  
You will win a prize  
As the winner of this game!

(date and time)

(your name)

The flowers everyone brings will play a big part in the fun. First, have a contest to decide who has brought the largest and smallest blooms. Present each winner with a package of flower seeds.

Now give out paper and pencils. Guests are to circulate, listing each person and the name of the flower he or she is holding. The player who finishes a correct list first could win an artificial flower, an inexpensive flower pin from the dime store, flower stationery, a small potted flower, a flowered pocket handkerchief, or more flower seeds. For the flower no one can name, give another small prize.

**Ring the Posies** is for two teams. Cellophane-tape three small flowers, a few inches apart, in the center of a long table. Give the first player on each team three rubber rings from glass jars. Players toss the rings alternately from the long end of the table. (If you do not have a long table, players stand three feet away from the table edge.) Score one point for each ringer. The team ringing the most posies wins the game.

For **A Bouquet Bee** players sit or stand in a circle. One player starts by naming any flower out loud. The next player names a different flower, and so on, around the circle.

A new flower must be named each time. A player who repeats a flower, or cannot think of a new one for the count of five, drops out of the game. After a few rounds the going really gets rough. The player who stays in the game the longest, wins.

**Piecing Posies:** Pass out a copy of this quiz, and a pencil, to each person:

Can you match each of the small words with a set of letters from either of the opposite columns and piece a posy?

- |                      |                        |
|----------------------|------------------------|
| 1. is . . . . . onia | 6. as . . . . . f      |
| 2. pan . . . . . ir  | 7. tock . . . . . s    |
| 3. pop . . . . . sy  | 8. peon . . . . . ia   |
| 4. lag . . . . . ter | 9. beg . . . . . y     |
| 5. pin . . . . . py  | 10. garden . . . . . k |

(Continued on page 40)



Ever play quoits? Try it with wee flowers on a table, and some rubber mason-jar rings!



Blossom, blossom, what's your pretty name? Hothouse or weed, you're a good quiz game!



A daisy sandwich and a cool orange drink will refresh your guests between the stunts

# HOW TO Build a Back-Yard Fireplace

What hungry picnicker does not begin to drool  
at the merest odor of outdoor cookery?

**E**VER SINCE AUNT JULIE wrote that Mary and Sue could spend part of the summer at your home, you've been dreaming of but one thing—picnics. Some of them may be hikes around to the other side of the lake, with boating and swimming and a lot of the gang along. And some of them just picnics in your own back yard, with Pete—he's your steady—and his friends Walter and Bill. Little parties like that can be fun in a big back yard like yours. But—you do need a fireplace for outdoor cookery.

If you don't have a fireplace, now is the time to start planning for one. Get Dad in on the deal. He'll have ideas. Of course, the first step is to look over the lay of the land, find the right spot, and get the right materials for your fireplace building; be sure, too, that you are well informed on fire safety precautions.

As for the right spot, you'll do well to get Dad's advice on this. He'll tell you to keep it well enough away from the house—particularly if the house is frame—and clear of overhanging tree branches that might be ignited by sparks. Your fireplace will be built so as to enclose the fire, but be sure also to clear the ground around it so that a wind cannot blow a spark into leaves or grass. Build small fires, don't play with them—and don't build them when you are alone. Never leave a fire unattended; break matches in two before throwing them away. Never have or handle any inflammable liquids near a fire. And, for added safety, always keep at hand some fire-fighting equipment, such as pails of water or sand.

Now, for your materials: they will depend somewhat on the part of the country in which you live. Some regions have an abundant supply of stone that can be utilized in building a fireplace. In others, large flat stones are hard to find, and it will be simpler to utilize green logs for the outside and the backing. If neither is available, you can still have a lot of fun with a simple outdoor "stove" made out of one of your mother's old washtubs, or a lard can.

*Right: Toast the hamburgers over a flame and they'll taste like the choicest filet mignon!*



Fig. 2

*Right: An altar fireplace is an excellent choice if green logs are available to build it*



Fig. 1

*Left: A narrow fire bed makes a hot fire, and needs no grill to hold your pots and pans*

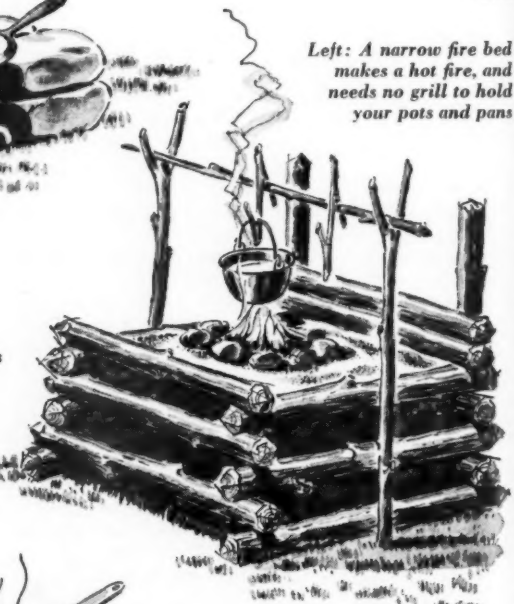


Fig. 3



Fig. 4

*Left: Once a washtub, now it's glorified into a good portable outdoor stove for campers*

Drawings by Henry Schroder



### Stone Fireplace

If good-sized stones are available, select the flattest ones, and lay them in two parallel rows, leaving from ten or fourteen inches between them for the fire. If you make this sufficiently narrow, your pans and kettle will rest on the stones, directly over the flame. The overlapping stones in Fig. 1 funnel the heat up to the cooking pans, while the broad, flat top surfaces provide a place to stand food to keep it warm. Cooking fires are better when they are small and concentrated, as shown here. Build up a stone back for the fireplace, so that it is well enclosed. The back rock helps create a draft (Figs. 1 and 2). A layer of smaller stones can serve as a base for your fire of sticks or charcoal.

If you make the fire-building space wide, you will need to span the top with a large stove grill. This you can get at any hardware store, or cheaper perhaps at a junk dealer's. You will also find a hand grill like that shown in Fig. 1 useful for broiling hamburgers or other meats.

In regions where no large stones are available, it is possible to build a fireplace by piling up smaller stones, or by using fire brick, which can be bought at any lumberyard. Construct it in the pattern of Fig. 2, making sure that any cracks and spaces are well filled in, so that it is firm and solid.

### Altar Fireplace

The altar fireplace shown in Fig. 3 is easy to build where green logs are available—and is one of the most satisfactory of all.

The frame is constructed of logs about 6" in diameter, crisscrossed as shown to a height of about 36". Where logs touch, notch them so that they rest firmly one on the other, by making an indentation with a hatchet or ax. Build up the back with two additional green logs and support it firmly with two strong saplings sunk into the ground behind it.

This boxlike structure must be carefully filled in. On the bottom you may toss in old tin cans and rocks—but the top layer, on which the fire will be built, must be a solid layer of earth at least three inches deep. A circle of small stones on this will enclose your cooking fire.

A simple crane for cooking can be made as shown in Fig. 3. Forked sticks are driven well into the ground on either side of the fireplace. The horizontal stick must be strong enough to hold a filled pot or kettle. With green wood, you can make pothooks like those shown in Fig. 3, page 22.

Here are three ways: 1. With your Girl Scout knife cut a notch in the lower end of a forked stick. 2. Drive a long nail at an angle through the lower end of the stick to make a hook. 3. Bore a hole through the stick at a 45-degree angle with the leather punch in your Girl Scout knife, and insert a green-wood peg to serve as a pot holder.

### Outdoor Stove

An old lard can or washtub, turned upside down, can be made into a very satisfactory outdoor stove (Fig. 4). It can be used for back-yard cookery—and also for picnics farther from home.

Cut a door in one side of your tub with tin snips. Your father may have these, or perhaps you can borrow them from a neighbor, or they can be purchased at a hardware store. Be sure to wear work gloves when using them.

Opposite the door you have cut, you will want a chimney for your stove. Stand a large

(Continued on page 35)

## YOUR PAINTING OF THE MONTH



### SUNFLOWERS

by Monet

● Here are sunflowers so fresh that their golden warmth and fleeting loveliness seem actually to come alive. They are the work of an artist who delighted in capturing the evanescence of nature on his canvases. He wanted you to see his flowers, as he saw them, with the glow of first sight and first impression. This beautiful painting hangs in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. You can send for your own full-color print.

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Watch for THE PAINTING-OF-THE-MONTH in August

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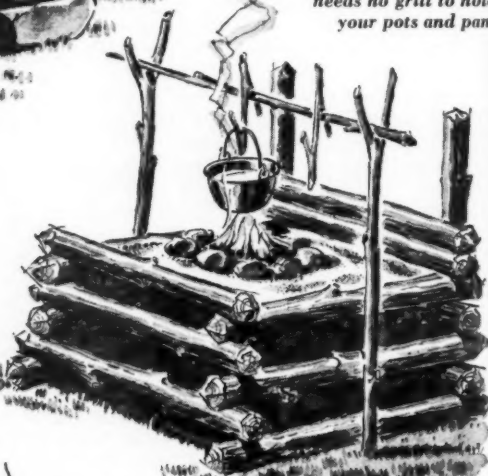


Fig. 3

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Fig. 4

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Watch for THE PAINTING-OF-THE-MONTH in August



# Firecracker Fashions



**9299:** Double your summer wardrobe, cut summer changes in half, with this playsuit and skirt duo. Slip the sash-tied skirt over the playsuit, and presto!—a halter dress. Shown here in Avondale solid and stripe broadcloth, it can be made in any of the bright summer cottons. Sizes 11-17. In size 13, the playsuit and skirt sash take  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards 35" material; the skirt takes  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards material, same width

**9253:** When the cool sea breezes blow, the smart, short-sleeved bolero shown in the small sketch can top the slim-fitting princess dress for sizes 10-16. Lonsdale lawn would be a good fabric choice, for daytime or party wear. For size 12, you will need  $3\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 35" material

**4797:** Designed for the young figure, with gathered and fitted bodice and whirl skirt, this dress for sizes 11-17 has a brief, shoulder-covering jacket, shown in the small sketch. Narrow belt gives the jacket a trim fit. Dress and jacket in size 13 need  $5\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 35" fabric

*These patterns may be purchased from The American Girl Pattern Dept., 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17. When ordering, be sure to enclose the correct amount for each pattern (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. We pay the postage. For your convenience there is a clip-out order blank on page 49*

*Drawing by Florence Maier*

**Each pattern 30¢**

**Wait for...Watch for...**

# TWIN STREAK



**New Departure's new advance  
that gives you flashing  
getaway—quick, safe stops!**

TWIN-STREAK is coming July 30! Watch for this latest advance in biking thrills and biking safety! You'll streak ahead with flashing starts—stop with extra power and safety. And TWIN-STREAK comes from New Departure—originator of the bicycle coaster brake. Watch for TWIN-STREAK in the August issue of this magazine. You'll want TWIN-STREAK on your new bike! New Departure, Division of General Motors, Bristol, Connecticut.



**NEW DEPARTURE**  
Originator of the Bicycle Coaster Brake

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you an alluring,  
blemish-free skin  
—Cuticura Soap  
and Ointment!

**First—Cuticura Soap.** Many skin specialists say it takes a superfatted soap to help preserve the natural moisture and normal, healthy acidity of the skin. And Cuticura Soap—alone of all leading soaps—is superfatted and mildly medicated to help you maintain the clean, clear, fresh, baby-soft skin men love.

**Next—Cuticura Ointment.** This emollient does more than help clear up externally caused pimples. Along with modern,

scientific medication it contains effective softening elements—goes after hateful blackheads, flaky dryness, oily shine—softens and stimulates as it helps heal.

**Thrilling results often in 7 days.** Cuticura Soap and Ointment are so helpful they're used by hundreds of doctors—by certain leading hospitals—and by thousands upon thousands of happy brides. Buy today!

Send 25¢ for 3 pc. trial size "Good Looks Kit" to Cuticura, Dept. AG-75, Malden 48, Mass.



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TEACHES YOU CORRECT  
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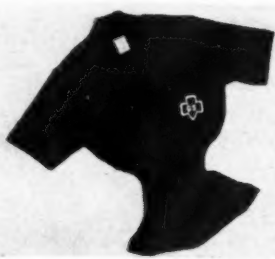
Please send me my **FREE** copy of the Sergeant's Dog Book.

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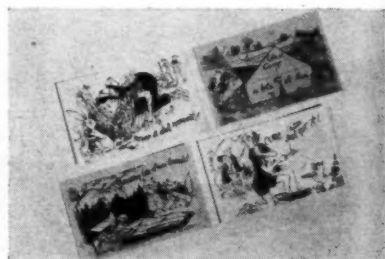
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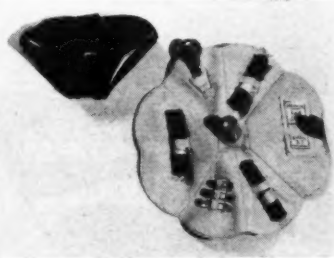
## TEEN Shop Talk



The basque shirt... simple, but oh my! This fickle beauty blithely befriends your casual skirts, shorts, as well as slacks with a year-round constancy. Made of green combed cotton with trefoil emblem on pocket; ribbed shawl collar and cuffs... Washable, of course. Sizes 10-18 at \$1.65; order #4-967



What's a vacation without post cards? These have a warm and cheery way of saying "Having a wonderful time." In attractive aqua or yellow, brightly animated with amusing sketches of camp scenes... Even the address side comes in for its share of decoration. Ten cents for package of eight; order #11-962.



Be prepared... for that oh-so-important stitch in time. Green vinyl-plastic sewing kit, tiny and triangular, opens flowerlike to a yellow center filled with sewing necessities... Needles and pins, a helpful needle-threader, thimble... and take your color-pick of thread. Order #11-558, fifty cents

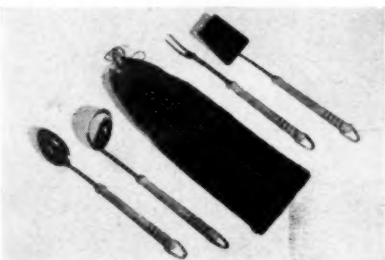


Order these items by number from the Girl Scout National Equipment Service, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y. or buy them at your local Girl Scout Equipment Agency. (Send check or money order; no C.O.D.'s, please.)

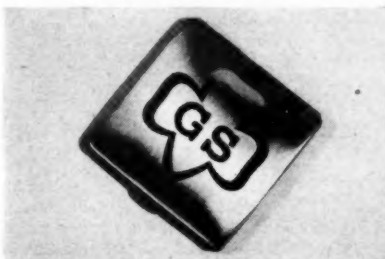
A flick of a switch and you're on the beam... a clear and straight-forward beam to brighten your way. Your hands are beautifully free, too... Just clip right-angle flashlight to your belt and let the battery take over. Unbreakable green plastic case; extra bulb included. Order #11-418, \$2.25



Attention, all outdoor chefs... Four smartly turned-out utensils to add class and much good taste to your cook-outs. (Just as handy indoors.) Soup ladle, spoon, fork, and turner in rust-resistant chrome finish with extra-long hardwood handles; hang-up rings attached; plaid duck carrying case. Order #15-499; \$2.95



To shine or not to shine... Here is your answer. Square and wafer-thin powder compact in satin-finish jeweler's bronze; across the front, the Girl Scout emblem in a smooth golden glisten. The practical feature, an inner door keeping a neat distance between powder and mirror. 2 1/2 inches square; \$1.75. Order #11-680



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#### → HERE'S WHAT YOU DO ←

Simply send us your name and address by letter or post card. We'll send you a sample kit of our best Christmas Cards on approval. Show them to friends in your spare time. They'll sell on sight and you can make \$50.00 and more EASILY.

If your friends don't snap them up... you can return the cards to us without cost.

We would not make this offer if we were not SURE they would sell.



## FREE

As a reward for your prompt reply we'll enclose this beautiful, gold-plated pen with key chain.

IF YOUR ORGANIZATION, CHURCH or CLUB would like a quick, easy way to raise funds... write giving your name and address, name and address of organization and name of person in charge of fund raising.



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Be the FIRST in your neighborhood to receive these beautiful Christmas Card assortments... such lovely merchandise at ABSOLUTELY NO COST TO YOU!

#### CHAS. C. SCHWER COMPANY

181 Elm Street, Westfield, Massachusetts

Send me your Christmas Card assortments. I will return them to you without cost or obligation unless I find that merely showing them to other folks can provide me with an easy way to make extra money. Also be sure to include my FREE pen with key chain.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ (PLEASE PRINT)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

liked what he saw. "Do you go steady?" he asked abruptly.

"No—no, I don't."

"Good." But after that he just sat there twirling his racket like a top in the grass.

Barby couldn't think of anything to say. How did girls answer when a boy asked something like that?

"Okay, how about the play-off?" he asked finally, turning to her with a grin.

Dick won the third game easily. Walking home Barby kept glancing at him. She liked the quick way he had of laughing! She liked the way his eyes shone when he glanced down at her.

He was telling her about the tennis team he was on at school, but Barby's thoughts were of tomorrow. Tomorrow was Saturday. Would Dick ask her to play tennis with him? Or maybe he would ask her for a real date—for tomorrow night, maybe.

At the door of her house, Dick turned and smiled down at her. "I'll have to practice to stay in your league. Well, I'll be seeing you, Barby."

A cold feeling of panic came over her. He wasn't making another date. . . .

"It was fun," she said, and her voice sounded wistful to her own ears.

"Well, see you soon." He smiled at her once more and turned up the street.

Barby stood in the doorway, looking after him. Suddenly the trees and shrubs began to blur in a rush of tears. Angriily she brushed them away and went into the house.

Once in her room she sat down on the edge of the desk chair and stared out of the window. Everything was wrong. No date for the Cotillion. No more definite dates with Dick. A wonderful time, her mother had called it. It was a horrible time! Why did she have to worry about every potential date, every dance? She wished fiercely that she were a boy, free to choose his dates as he pleased.

Of course, Dick might have other plans for tomorrow. Something to do for his grandmother, or some school date. She would go over to the courts in the morning. If he didn't come, she could go back tomorrow afternoon.

Before Barby was fully awake the next morning, she knew something was wrong. Then opening her eyes slowly, she saw that it was raining. Not rain today! No tennis, no chance of seeing Dick.

Her mother was in the breakfast room when she came downstairs a little later. "Good morning, darling. Dreadful morning, isn't it? Would you like to go shopping with me?"

Barby nodded and slid into a chair. Suppose Dick called. But why should he? He had merely wanted someone to play tennis with and she had been there. "All right, Mom, I'll go," she said listlessly at last.

Her mother leaned over and touched Barby's hand. "Don't worry, darling, about your Cotillion date. Those things will come in time. Remember, a watched date never boils."

Barby managed a smile.

She was just getting ready to join her mother for the shopping trip, when the telephone rang. Her heart skipping in anticipation, Barby ran out into the hall and lifted the receiver. "Hello?"

"Barby? This is Dick. Dick Forester."

Barby's heart began to pound so she was afraid he might hear it through the telephone.

"Looks like the ducks have a monopoly on the courts today," he said.

With her spirits soaring, Barby laughed.

"Look, how about a soda a little later? I have the car—we could go to the Bun-and-Barrel," he said.

"I'd love to."

As soon as she put down the receiver, Barby ran into her mother's room. "Oh, Mom, I have a date—with Dick Forester!"

"General Forester's grandson? That's nice." Her mother's voice was calm.

"Of course, it's just a coke date, but with Dick Forester—he asked me!"

"Why shouldn't he?" Her mother turned to Barby with a smile. "You're my daughter."

Barby leaned over to hug her mother. "Do you mind if I skip the shopping?"

"Run along and get dressed for Dick. I can probably shop much better alone."

Barby slipped on a blue sweater with her pearl-gray skirt. As she brushed her hair, she said a silent prayer, "Please let him like me—please—let me say the right things—do the right things . . ."



"Please, I'm on the phone!"

The Bun-and-Barrel was where all the high school crowd gathered. Barby had been here a lot of times with girls from school, but never with a boy. The shop was crowded, and nearly every booth was occupied. It seemed to Barby every eye was on the new arrivals. She smiled at Dick nervously. "Please don't let him know I'm scared."

Linda Carter, the most popular girl in Barby's class, was sitting at a round table with a group of boys and girls.

"Come on over," invited Linda.

Barby was bewildered. Linda rarely spoke to her at school.

"Want to go over?" Dick took her arm.

"I—I guess so."

They slid in beside Linda and Bob Middleton. Barby introduced Dick hesitantly.

"Are you new in town?" Linda murmured across Barby to Dick.

Dick nodded and told about his parents in Japan.

"You sound interesting," Linda smiled at him provocatively.

Barby felt like a third wheel. Now she knew why Linda had called her over.

Then Dick said flatly, "I'm not—not a bit." And he turned to ask Barby for her order.

"We were talking about the fall Cotillion dance when you two came in," said blond

Teeta. "Which brings me back to the question—are you dated for the Cotillion, Linda?"

"Naturally," Bob answered with a significant laugh. Everyone laughed, including Barby.

Their sodas were set down in front of them and Barby, to have something to do, instantly began to sip hers.

"How about you, Teeta?" asked another girl.

"Oh, I'm going with Bill."

"Naturally," shouted everyone in a chorus. And again they all laughed.

Barby laughed, too, but she began to feel a moment of panic. What if they should ask her? All the popular girls were dated by now. What would Dick think of her?

"Say, Barby . . ." Dick touched her arm. She looked up at him fearfully. "Are you a Cotillion member?"

After a moment's hesitation she nodded.

"Are you dated yet?"

She hesitated. Oh, if she could only say yes, so he wouldn't think he was out with a drag.

"Are you, Barby?"

With a little sigh, she shook her head. "No—no, I'm not—yet." She added the last word defiantly.

"Gosh, what luck!" Dick leaned closer, his shoulder touching hers. "Look, I'm a new member—will you go with me? Please, Barby."

For a moment Barby wasn't sure she'd heard what he had said. Then slowly a feeling of such sweet relief swept over her, she wanted to cry. It had happened! Something had happened at last!

"Barby—is it okay?" he asked in a low, quick tone.

She smiled at him. "I'd love to go with you, Dick."

"Say, you two, pull out of that dive," teased Bob. "What gives with the hush-hush conversation?"

"Secrets," murmured Barby serenely, before she thought. And then she sat there in amazement. Had that been she?

"Who are you going with, Barby?" asked Linda.

"Dick," Barby answered quietly. How wonderful to know for sure at last.

"Nice," murmured Linda, sipping her soda and smiling at Dick.

Barby felt a small twinge of something. Could it be jealousy?

Dick leaned toward her. "Ready, Barby? I have a couple of things to do for my grandmother. Want to come along?" Under the table he reached for her hand and held it for one quick moment. Barby felt as though her heart would burst with happiness.

Outside, Dick held the door of the car for her. Barby slipped into the seat and he slammed the door and went around. Sitting there for an instant all alone in the car, she touched the side of the upholstered door. Dick and Barby. How well they sounded together. She had a date with Dick for the Cotillion. Dick and Barby!

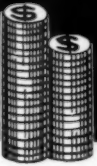
Dick got in on his side and turned to her. "Hello again." There was a smile in his eyes and in his deep voice.

Barby leaned back with her head against the cushion. Mom was right! Dating was nothing to worry about. It just took a little time . . . a little waiting . . . until a certain boy came along . . . and then it happened! It was a wonderful time!

THE END

JULY, 1955

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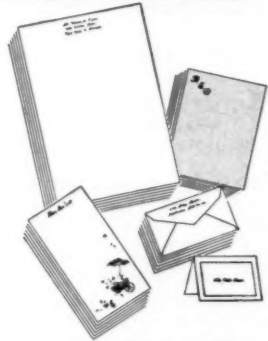
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THE AMERICAN GIRL



# Outdoor cooking tips



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## Cooking with Judy (Continued from page 20)

Sanderson set on one corner of the grate. "What makes the outside sticky?" she asked.

"Soap. I rubbed soap all over the outside before I left home. Soot from the fire will collect on the soap. When we wash off the soap, off comes the soot with it. The cleanup job will be much easier if you do this with any kettle or pot you use over any outdoor fire that has flames."

"I'll surely remember that for the class picnic," Judy assured her.

"When you make plans for the picnic, Judy, divide up the jobs. Do as much preparation as you can before leaving home. Some of the girls can fix the meat (cut up the chicken, make hamburger into patties, and so on) wash salad greens; mix dressing; soak corn for a couple of hours. Fill thermos jugs with water or beverage if you aren't sure there is water at your picnic place."

"The boys can take care of the fire, get the fuel, keep the fire going," Judy planned. "And they can be responsible for putting it out before we leave."

"I'll take care of setting the tables," volunteered Janet.

"Why, that's practically everything!" said Judy.

"Not quite," Miss Sanderson put in. "There's always the cleanup job. But when everyone does a little it goes quite fast. Burn everything burnable; put garbage or trash in the containers provided, or in a container of your own to take home for disposal."

Judy had been busy turning the chicken and corn. "Is it—are they—done?"

"The chicken looks nice and brown, so let's test it. Take one of the pieces and wiggle the wing or drumstick. If it seems ready to pull away easily from the rest of the piece and there is no pink around the bone, it's ready to eat."

"The corn husks are brown, too."

"We'll open an ear. Yes, some of the kernels are brown and a bit caramelized—that is what gives roasted corn its distinctive flavor. The 'milk' that squirted out when you pressed a raw kernel has all cooked. See? Nothing squirts now."

"Everything's ready here," Janet called from the table. "Tossed salad; instant coffee and cocoa all ready for the boiling water; pickles; pepper and salt and butter; water-melon all sliced."

Only Mmmmm's and Ah's were heard for a few minutes, as the food disappeared as if by magic.

Then, "Oh, this was fun!" said Judy. "And I can cook the same way on our own backyard fireplace. I'll try some of the recipes you spoke of, Miss Sanderson. Maybe I could cook our Fourth of July dinner outdoors and give Mother a holiday."

"Fine idea! But—until you are skilled at getting several things cooked and ready to serve at the same time, keep in mind the 'rule for beginners' we spoke of last month."

"I remember. 'Start simple. Plan to cook only one main dish at the picnic,'" Judy recited.

"Right. You can add the recipes I'll give you to your file. You can get some cookbooks with good ideas and menus for picnic meals, too. 'Let's Cook Outdoors' can be had free from the Home Economics Department, H. J. Heinz Company, Box 57, Pittsburgh 30, Pennsylvania; and 'Along the Trail,' also free, from the Department of Home Economics Services, Kellogg Company, Battle Creek, Michigan. The Girl Scouts publish 'Cooking

Out of Doors' (catalog number 19-532; \$1). And in the July AMERICAN GIRL there is a review of 'What's Cooking?' by Jane Kirk, published by Revell Co., \$3.95.

"I hope our AMERICAN GIRL readers will send us their favorite recipes for picnic meals cooked out of doors," she continued. "Later in the year, Janet, there will be an issue which will feature a variety of recipes contributed by our readers. For each recipe printed in that issue we will pay five dollars."

When she dropped the girls off Miss Sanderson gave Judy the recipes she had promised and said, "In August we will use the delicious fruits that will be in season, and include some luscious desserts, Judy, for a fancy luncheon or party."

"Sounds wonderful! See you next month, then—and thanks for everything."

Here are the recipes Miss Sanderson gave Judy.

### BARBECUE SAUCE FOR CHICKEN

For 2 Chickens		For 10 Chickens
½ cup	cooking oil	1½ cups
1 cup	cider vinegar	1 quart
2½ tablespoons	salt	½ cup
1½ teaspoons	poultry seasoning	2 tablespoons
¼ teaspoon	pepper	1 teaspoon

Mix ingredients in saucepan. Bring to boil. Keep hot while using to baste chickens.

### CAMPFIRE STEW

(Serves 12)

3 pounds hamburger	3 cans concentrated vegetable soup
3 teaspoons salt	or
½ teaspoon pepper	(5 cans from which liquid has been drained)
1 tablespoon fat	
1 large onion	

Season hamburger with salt and pepper. Form into small balls. Melt fat in large frying pan or kettle. Add onion and brown lightly. Add meat balls and cook until well browned. Pour off excess fat. Add soup and enough liquid—water, liquid drained from soup, or stock—to prevent sticking and burning. Cover and cook slowly until meat balls are cooked through, about 30 minutes.

### CHILI CON CARNE

(Serves 12)

¼ cup bacon drippings or other fat	2 cups canned tomatoes
½ cup chopped onion	3 cups kidney beans (cooked or canned)
2½ pounds ground beef or cooked meat	2 tablespoons chili powder
	2 teaspoons salt

Melt fat in large frying pan or kettle. Cook onion until light brown. Add meat and cook until browned. Add tomatoes and beans and cook until hot. Season to taste with chili powder and salt. Simmer about 15 minutes. Serve hot.

### FISH CHOWDER

(Serves 10)

½ cup diced salt pork	6 cups milk
2 onions, chopped	2 large cans salmon
6 cups diced raw potatoes	or
Water	(5 cups cooked or other canned fish)
2 teaspoons salt	

Cook pork in large frying pan or kettle until brown. Add onion and cook until onion is yellow. Add potatoes with just enough water to cover. Cook until potatoes are done. Season to taste. Add milk. Add fish, and any fish juice. Cook slowly until thoroughly heated.

\*Send your favorite outdoor-picnic recipe to the Cooking Editor, THE AMERICAN GIRL Magazine, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y. Recipes must be mailed by July 22.

THE END



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**FORT WORTH, TEXAS:** I just received the May issue, and it is simply loaded with wonderful ideas—especially the one on *How to Make Play Shoes*. Please let's have an article on games to play at parties. I never can find any good ones. **JULIE KESMODEL (age 14)**

**SKJERN, DENMARK:** I have just received the April issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, and I am about thinking that it was the very best I ever had received. I got the magazine from my pen pal as a Christmas gift, and I am very thankful for it. Best I do like the novels and the fashions. I like very much to travel and one of my biggest wishes is to visit your country one day. **TOVE KIRK (age 17)**

**CINCINNATI, OHIO:** I belong to the Mt. Auburn Troop in Cincinnati, Ohio. *Cooking with Judy* is tops. Don't ever give it up. It gives so many clever ideas. My favorite article is *Books by Marjorie Vetter*. It gives many ideas on books to read. You deserve much credit for your marvelous magazine.

**BARBARA STEELMAN (age 13)**

**DETROIT, MICHIGAN:** Your May issue was simply terrific! *Hits and Horses* ranks among your top in fiction, in my opinion. *One Fainting Robin* was an excellent story. One of the best I've read in my life. It was expressed vividly and is one of those stories that make you think, and I mean think, of how lucky you are to be such a healthy child. But more than that it makes you think of how brave these kids are that get these tough breaks early in life. This was only one of your fiction stories that I enjoy so much. In spite of some faults, your magazine is a masterpiece for girls of and around my age.

**MARILYN KORAL (age 11)**

**PORT ANGELES, WASHINGTON:** I think *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is the best magazine I've ever had. I liked *You're Calling It Off* and *Treasure Your Teeth*; they were helpful hints. Something I would like to see in the magazine is some things about nursing. All the stories are always good. I enjoy the Girl Scout articles very much, though I'm not a Girl Scout.

**MARJORIE DUNBAR (age 13)**

**CASTRO VALLEY, CALIFORNIA:** Many thanks for your serial *Hits and Horses*. It is the first continued story I have liked.

Let's pep up the *By You* section. What used to be my favorite article is losing my votes of congratulations.

I think the *Painting-of-the-Month* is useless, but that opinion is probably caused by the fact that I don't much care for art.

A *Penny for Your Thoughts* is my choice of the best part of the magazine. It is very interesting hearing from girls all over the

world. Right now my brother is reading the *Jokes*. He reads all of the stories, which just goes to show you everyone enjoys *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

**LUCINDA MALOTT (age 11)**

**LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY:** I am writing to thank you for giving me and other teen-agers an opportunity in *By You* to have our efforts evaluated on a valid impersonal basis, at a level on which we can fairly compete.

**BARBARA HYMSON**

**BLACKFOOT, IDAHO:** I guess I must be different from most of the girls my age. I don't like the fashions and cooking that they do. I do like the *Painting-of-the-Month* and they don't.

I especially like *By You*, and each month have entered something. I hope some day to find it published. The only covers I have liked since I've had it, are November and March. I don't like those modern things.

I am a Girl Scout, and that is where I heard of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* Magazine. This is a good magazine; let it be better yet.

**ANN HAMILTON (age 10)**

**MONTGOMERYSHIRE, WALES:** Through the kindness of my pen friend, Margaret Abbott of Downey, California, I have been receiving *THE AMERICAN GIRL* Magazine since December, and after reading each magazine from cover to cover, I can truly say that there is no magazine of such a high standard for teen-agers over here in Wales. Your stories are full of life and vitality, and putting it simply, I think they are terrific. I look forward each month to comparing your beauty hints, cooking methods, and fashions with ours. Indeed, reading your magazine has made me feel a great friendship to the American youth.

I think your Girl Scouts are doing a fine job in fostering friendship and helping to bring peace to all young peoples of the world by sending their friends in distant lands your magazine. Keep up the good work!

**MARJORIE MILLS (age 17)**

**QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS:** This is my first year of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and I'm very pleased with it. The fashions are so cute. I always like to read the *Books* column so I'll know just what books are new, etc. The jokes are sometimes corny but nevertheless cute. All in all I'm crazy about the magazine, and I hope I'll be subscribing to it for years to come.

**NINA KIELY (age 14)**

**WYCKOFF, NEW JERSEY:** I enjoy your book section very much because I love to read. I like all your stories by Betty Cavanna, especially *Not to the Victor*. The *By You* section is great. One of these days I am going

to send in a picture. I saw the perfect one yesterday, but I did not have a camera with me when I saw it. I read your Girl Scout articles although I am not a Girl Scout.

**CAROLE TILLBERG (age 12)**

**GOOLE, ENGLAND:** Through the generosity of my pen friend, Arlene Wignall, from Stratford, Connecticut, I have been receiving *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for almost a year now.

I love every article and feature in it, and I simply can't understand those who do not like *By You*. For *By You*, *A Penny for Your Thoughts*, and *Jokes* are all contributed by the readers themselves, so making the magazine really belong to the teen-agers.

I would like to congratulate the editor and staff—they have succeeded in treating us readers as equals, instead of as children, as so many adults are inclined to do.

**SHEILA WOODCOCK (age 16)**

**BEVERLY, MASSACHUSETTS:** We would like to extend our congratulations to *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for giving to us teen-age girls a magazine of such enjoyment. We have just finished reading *Hits and Horses* and can hardly wait for the next issue. Your recipes have given us many ideas on new dishes which helped us to earn our cooking badge.

When we receive *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, the first thing we look for is *A Penny for Your Thoughts*. We enjoy it because we feel it brings girls from all over the world closer together. We both agree that your fashions are adorable. Congratulations again for such a wonderful magazine.

**SANDRA MARTIN (age 14)**

**DEANNA DOTY (age 13)**

**DAYTON, OHIO:** I am writing this letter to compliment you on the fine job you are doing by publishing *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. In my opinion a magazine such as yours does much for setting a basis for teen-agers to follow. Of course, it increases international friendship among today's youth.

I enjoyed the serial *Hits and Horses* very much and would like to compliment you on the *By You* section, the stories, beauty pages and fashion tips.

**JUDITH EVANS (age 15)**

**KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI:** I take many magazines. I find *THE AMERICAN GIRL* the best magazine I take. This magazine helps me in lots of my Girl Scout work, and I find the stories better than some of the books I read.

**ANNE SHONTZ (age 12)**

**CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND:** I get and read your magazine from the library whenever possible. I enjoy your fashions very much, and although we are unable to get the



patterns out here, we have a sewing teacher who can cut things out, just from the picture.

My favorite sports are ice skating, swimming, and skiing. I go to Rongi-ruru school. I am in form 3.P.1. My favorite subjects are Latin, art, and sewing.

When I get your magazine I hand it around to my friends who enjoy reading it just as much as I do. Your stories are super and we get a good idea of the American girl. I am thirteen years old and have brown hair and hazel eyes. Please remember that the girls in far-off New Zealand enjoy your magazine just as much as the girls that live in the same country.

ELAINE GOWER (age 13)

**PLATTEVILLE, WISCONSIN:** We would like to congratulate THE AMERICAN GIRL for a wonderful magazine. We thought *Cargo for Jennifer* was just super-duper. We hope you will continue the *By You*. It is a good place for amateurs like us to try out our talent. We also hope you continue *Your Painting-of-the-Month*. We find your fashions and good looks tips very helpful. We loved the story *First Dance* by Paul Collins in the April issue. We think your magazine is the greatest.

SHARLENE RUDOLPH (age 13)  
JOANNE SCHNEIDER (age 14)

**TOKYO, JAPAN:** I am a Japanese schoolgirl. I am in the eighth grade and I shall be ninth grade in April. I live in Tokyo and I go to Tens Middle School of Meguro-ku. A few days ago I read THE AMERICAN GIRL. What a splendid book this is! I cannot read English well, but I could easily read this book because it is pretty and pleasant.

I would like very much to know about your country, your school, your living habits, and your home. Good-by.

FUMIE SAGARA

**YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO:** The first thing I must say is that I think every department of your magazine is just wonderful. I just love your new series of *Cooking with Judy*. Your April cover with "Judy" and the cookies was just darling. I wish you would have more like that.

I am ten years old. I have rheumatic fever and have to stay in bed all the time. I always seem to be wanting something and of course my mother is always running to me—and I must say it gets very tiring and takes up a lot of her time. So as you can see, I sure have a reason to be grateful to my mother.

I have never seen any letters mentioning your patterns, so I will. I really think they are darling. *Champion on Wheels* was very interesting. Please have more articles like that. I also wish you would have one on nursing. Please!

CAROL VANATSKY (age 10)

**EVANSTON, ILLINOIS:** I've certainly been meaning to write to you. I have enjoyed your (and our) magazine for a long time now. I was born in Amsterdam, Holland and came to the United States five years ago. At that time I didn't know a word of English. One of the first books or magazines I read was THE AMERICAN GIRL. A friend of mine gave me all her back issues of THE AMERICAN GIRL. They helped me to learn English and to be informed about life in the United States. Although I know English now, THE AMERICAN GIRL still helps me. *Your Painting-of-the-Month* is a wonderful help and also very interesting.

SYLVIA SCHOEMAKER (age 14)

Please send your letters to The American Girl, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y., and tell us your age and address

THE AMERICAN GIRL



When an argument gets hectic, should you—

- ☐ Tape record it ☐ Break it up ☐ Take the loser's side

One man's politics (or ball club or disc collection) can often be another man's poison ivy! So before either arguer blows his stack, take over. Shatter the chatter—tactfully. Maybe with music; or a funny story; anything to change the subject and

save the party from bogging down. You can save yourself many an anxious moment at calendar time, as well. For when you choose Kotex\*, you're getting the softness, safety, complete absorbency you need—to maintain your poise, your peace of mind.



Quick way out of your hero's heart?

- ☐ Confess you can't cook ☐ Kiss and tell  
☐ Be a mambo maniac

All those sweet nothings he whispered in her ear, last night . . . all cancelled, in nothing flat! Why? Because today a complete playback reached his blushing ears! Only a chrome dome babbles to her cronies. It's a fatal mistake. On certain days, you need make no mistakes about sanitary protection—not with Kotex. For this napkin can be worn on either side, safely; and you get special softness that holds its shape.



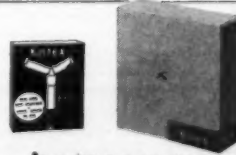
Is the longer torso line strictly for—

- ☐ Beanpole stature ☐ Chubby contours  
☐ Little middles ☐ Laughs

That long, lean midriff look—got it? Better get with it, especially if your competition's hand-span waisted! Do bending, stretching exercises that pull in your tummy. And of course avoiding greasy or gooey goodies can help whittle your middle. At "that" time, too (even in a slim skirted dress) you can meet all eyes serenely—what with Kotex and those flat pressed ends preventing telltale outlines. Try all 3 sizes of Kotex; learn which suits you.

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## Beauty in the Sun

(Continued from page 17)

don't get too frenzied about your freckles. Most of the boys love them! And while we're talking about boys—you might notice your favorite boy friend getting quite pink while you loll in comfort. This is not surprising. The male contingent is more sensitive to ultraviolet rays than the feminine counterpart. So lend him a little of your suntan lotion and tell him to get under your beach umbrella!

**You've Got One—Anyway!** If—through no fault of your own, naturally—you do get a light burn, apply a boric ointment to the burned spots; or make a compress with tepid water and baking soda—two to three teaspoons of soda per quart of water. Apply with gauze or cotton. A warm cornstarch-water bath might also give a soothing effect. If the burn is severe, don't fiddle with remedies. Get hold of a doctor immediately.

**Skin Story:** The beauty agenda for your skin in July is not radically different from what it will be this December. The basic fourfold plan—sufficient sleep, balanced diet, cleanliness, and outdoor exercise—is a year-round. But in warm weather, when your body gets a vigorous workout in wind and sun, it is most important. Your skin tells the story of how healthy you are inside.

If too much sun and water have given you the look of salted leather, it's more than time to cover up for a few days. At night, after a good lanolin-soap-and-water cleansing, smooth on a rich emollient cream. But don't splurge! Your skin cannot absorb the extra cream, but your sheets can! Now's the time to drink more milk than usual, and yes—you've guessed—to eat lots of greens and carrots to increase your vitamin A intake.

"Is the sunlight good for pimples?" is a question that comes up. The answer is that a moderate amount of sunlight is good, but extreme tanning may harm the skin. The heat of the sun does lure oil, dirt, and waste products to the surface—and from here on, it's you who take over by giving your skin three or four soap-and-water washings daily.

To keep you buttercup fresh when the mercury zooms, a daily shower and a deodorant are indispensable. A warm shower, too, after a dip in the briny ocean, takes away the powdery look. After all, you're not trying to look like an old salt!

**Hair versus Shredded Wheat!** Summer-time hair—clean, glinting with chinks of light from the sun—is a joy to see. Worn short and sleek, your hair always looks pretty and it's ideal for hot weather. If you love it long, keep it combed smoothly back, anchored away from your face, for the uncluttered look so welcome to you and those who look at you on one of those sizzling days.

A fair amount of sunlight is beneficial; but never let the sun scorch down on your bare head—unless you're cultivating a straw thatch up on top and an aching head in the bargain. Choose a sunshade—be it cap or cartwheel; kerchief or parasol—and stay under it.

If your hair does become drier than usual, this is the time to use a creme rinse after your regular shampoo, for it softens your hair and makes it really behave!

**The Bad—and the Beautiful!** This may sound like a title for a novel or a movie—but we're talking strictly about summer's biggest beauty headache—poison ivy. The vine with its shiny green trifoliate leaves (leaves that grow in clusters of three) is

found on trees; it climbs along the ground, over logs and fences, and by the side of the road. Late summer, when the foliage turns red, the flaming ivy looks glorious.

Learn to recognize poison ivy, poison sumac, and poison oak so you can give them a wide berth. Poison sumac grows in moist places and is known by its drooping clusters of white berries. The last of the gruesome trio, poison oak, grows like a bush. The name is often applied to poison ivy of the nonclimbing variety.

Should you unwittingly touch one of these, fly to the nearest washbasin and scrub the "touched" parts with hot water and brown laundry soap. After washing, wipe your skin with alcohol. It's a good idea, too, to change all your clothing and have it laundered.

Those who are extremely sensitive to plant poisoning should ask their doctor about antihistamines and inoculations. Either may effectively solve this problem before it arises.

Another summer hazard—a perennial, also—is insects. Whether your trouble is sandflies, mosquitoes, bugs, you'll find most of them will keep a polite distance if you anoint yourself with one of the odorless repellents now on the market. For campers ambushed by mosquitoes, there are wonderful citronella candles which come in glass bowls and last for days. The odor is harmless.

Summer makes itself known in many ways. By keeping one step ahead, you can eliminate its risks. And whether your bare legs go racing over sand and grassy meadow, or more sedately across city streets, the sun is always with you—a force to be reckoned with. Use it wisely—let it bring out all the beauty in you!

THE END

## How to Build a Backyard Fireplace

(Continued from page 23)

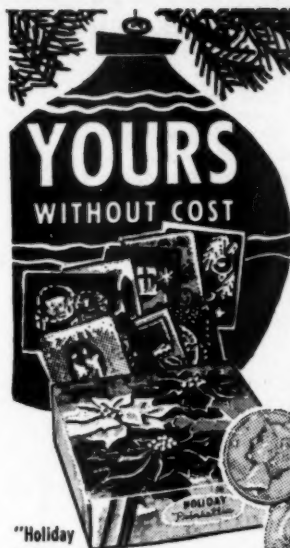
juice can on the top surface of the tub and mark around it with a pencil, then use a can opener to cut just inside the line. This makes the hole where the chimney will go. Remove both ends of the juice can and force it into the hole to serve as a chimney.

The stove must set on solid ground from which all debris has been carefully cleared away. The tinder, kindling, and fuel for the fire are shoved in through the door. The draft can be regulated by turning the stove around, so that the door faces toward the wind. Keep a small piece of tin to place over the door when you want to cut the draft off. The top of this stove is the cooking surface, on which you place your utensils.

Once you have begun to enjoy outdoor cooking with your own fireplace or stove, you will find there are many useful gadgets you can make for yourself. Books on campcraft at the public library will give you many suggestions and instructions for making such things as a grill, a towel hanger, and other small items that can be fashioned out of green branches. Or you may want to own one of the Girl Scout books, which you can order from National Equipment Service, Girl Scout Headquarters, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y. Each purchase order should be accompanied by a check or money order payable to The Girl Scouts of the U.S.A. Be sure to give the name of the book and the catalog number: "Cooking Out of Doors," 19-532, \$1.00; "Campcraft ABC's," 19-609, \$1.25; "Your Own Book of Campcraft," 23-314, 35¢.

THE END

THE AMERICAN GIRL



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Bitsey pulled herself up. She had to face it now . . . whatever it was!

She grasped the old-fashioned knocker and banged it hard. Holding her breath, she listened for some sound, some movement within in the dark and shuttered house.

In a moment now, she would hear the groaning and clanking of the old electric house elevator installed years ago when Aunt Melissa's broken hip had made climbing stairs too difficult. In a moment she would see lights flash on in the big hall; would hear Aunt Melissa's cane tapping across the floor, and the door would be flung open with an impatient roar at being disturbed at this unheard-of hour! And somewhere behind the fierce old woman the sapphire eyes of Lucifer would gleam out of the shadows at Bitsey.

Every muscle tensed as Bitsey waited! She knocked again, a chilling uneasiness rippling along her nerves. There was no sound save the ghostly patter of the rain; the whisper of wind-stirred vines, and the scalp-raising squeak of the branch against the house.

Panic began to rise in Bitsey's throat. Aunt Melissa was gone. For a moment she stood there, her heart pounding; she banged on the door in a frenzy. If only she could get inside, out of the rain and darkness, until morning. But she had no key.

After a time she remembered seeing the cook hang the key to the kitchen door on a nail under an old broom on the back porch. She hurried around the house, stumbling over broken twigs and storm-shredded leaves in the dark. She stumbled up the back steps and felt along the wall until she located the broom. A little sob of relief escaped Bitsey as her fingers found the key and fitted it into the lock.

The door opened silently into the dim emptiness of the big kitchen. It had a closed-up, stuffy smell. Bitsey moved along the wall, feeling for the light switch. She flicked it again and again but nothing happened. The room remained in musty gray darkness.

What was wrong? Why were the lights not working?

You goose, Bitsey scolded herself, they've been turned off by the power company, of course, just as Aunt Melissa ordered. No telephone . . . no lights. That proves she's gone. I'm here alone in this big, dark old house.

Backed against the wall, Bitsey closed her eyes wearily, wanting to stay huddled right where she was until morning!

"Oh, no, you don't, young lady! Where's your Melville courage?" Bitsey could hear Aunt Melissa's biting tones.

And what if the old lady were, after all, safe in her bed upstairs? What if she came down in the morning and found Bitsey crouching in the kitchen, scared of her own shadow?

"Foolish child," she'd roar, tapping her cane at Bitsey, "why couldn't you be sensible for once and go up to your room to bed?"

Well . . . why don't I? Bitsey thought, moving reluctantly across the floor. She opened the door to the back stairs leading to the bedrooms on the floor above. She always used the front or back stairs in preference to the slow old elevator, but she hated these narrow back stairs! Her feet wanted to stay right where they were, but she forced them up the steps, feeling her way along the wall. Four steps up . . . turn . . . three steps more. She came out into the shadowy upper hall.

Her heart knocking heavily against her ribs, she stared about her. An eerie half-light shone from the big window at the end of the hall. A chill began to ripple along her arms, up the backs of her legs. There *was* something wrong here . . . the air was charged with it!

Imagination, you dope! Bitsey told herself sternly. Anybody'd be scared coming into a big old empty house in the dead of night! Go on . . . once you're safe in bed you can have hysterics if you want to, you . . . you coward! Then, tomorrow, you can brag about how brave you were!

Scolding herself didn't help much, but she managed to pull her feet loose from the floor. Her footsteps resounded in the silent emptiness as she moved forward, feeling her way, past the open doors of the guest rooms, toward her own small bedroom down the hall.



"On second thought I don't think I want a piggy-back ride."

Tap . . . tap . . . tap! Tap . . . tap . . . tap! She pulled up short, every nerve quivering. She heard it again: tap . . . tap . . . tap! It was such a faint sound Bitsey almost doubted her ears. Straining to hear, she caught the muffled sound again, coming from far off, as though through thick walls. Tap . . . tap . . . tap! Then silence. What could it be?

Bitsey stared wildly about her, her heart thumping, heartbeats ticking off the seconds. She moved forward again, and her hand encountered the open door of the first guest room. As she came to the second door, a sudden sound downstairs made her freeze!

The big front door below was opening slowly. She could hardly breathe. It closed with a click. She could feel someone hovering in the dark hall downstairs. Then she heard limping footsteps mounting the stairs! Eyes staring, Bitsey saw the tall, gaunt outline of a man beyond the shadowy glow from a flashlight turned downward to guide the way. A hat and turned-up coat collar hid the face.

With a choked-off gasp, Bitsey shrank back into the doorway, partly closing the door behind her. Peering from behind the crack, she could see the man's scuffed black shoes moving toward her in the circle of light! Trembling, she watched as he paused outside Aunt Melissa's room and flashed the beam into her open door.

If only Aunt Melissa's angry roar and nightcapped head would emerge from that room! The silence held. The old lady *wasn't* in her room! Bitsey was alone in the house with this stranger.

She fought the screams that struggled to escape her. Watching, she saw the figure come limping down the hall, pause outside the closed door of the room she always occupied. Turning the knob quietly, the man beamed the flashlight into the dark room. As he turned away, the light swung up to reveal his face!

Jock! Bitsey almost cried out the name! But sudden fear paralyzed her throat before it was uttered! Jock! But what was he doing here? What did he want? Bitsey was suddenly terrified of this strange old man.

Quickly she closed the door, felt her way to the great poster bed and crouched down behind the tall headboard. She could hear doors being quietly opened and knew the man was going from room to room. Searching? But for what? For whom? Surely he had driven Aunt Melissa to the train and so he must know the house was empty. What, then?

With strangled breath, Bitsey heard the limping footsteps coming closer . . . closer . . . pausing outside the room in which she was hiding! The doorknob turned . . . the beam of light flashed over the room, even as that tapping noise began once more.

The light disappeared. She could hear the footsteps receding down the hall, down the stairs. The big front door opened . . . closed . . . all was still! Bitsey's lungs almost burst with her suspended breath. The smothering silence stretched out endlessly.

A wild desire to get away brought her suddenly to her feet, stumbling toward the door.

I'm getting out of here right now! she thought. Something terrible is going on in this house, and I'm not going to stay to find out what!

Peering into the hall, she looked longingly toward the front stairway leading to the outside door and freedom! It seemed a thousand miles away, but she started toward it, eyes straining into the darkness ahead. Then she saw a deep gray shadow moving soundlessly toward her down the hall. Too terrified to scream, she jerked back against the wall.

Meo-ow-ow! Like a clap of thunder Lucifer's tail ripped the silence. The familiar meow came again, as the great black cat rubbed against her legs—as though for once he welcomed her presence!

"Lucifer!" With a sob of relief Bitsey lifted the old cat in shaking arms. "Oh, Lucifer, what are you doing here? Did Aunt Melissa go away and forget you? But of course not; she'd never do that!"

Bitsey's whisper froze on her lips as a new alarm struck her. Aunt Melissa's here! Aunt Melissa's somewhere in this house!

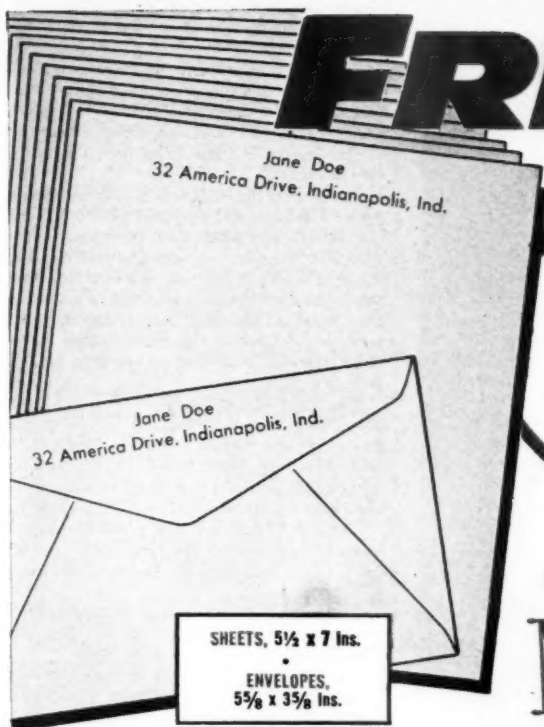
Lucifer struggled uneasily in her arms, then jumped down and moved away. Pausing, he turned big luminous eyes toward her in the dark, meowing coaxingly.

Why, I believe he wants me to follow him, Bitsey guessed. He's—he's trying to tell me something. . . .

Slowly, she tiptoed after him. The cat, slinking soundless as a bodyless phantom along the wall, paused now and then to turn as if to make sure she still followed.

Bitsey crept after him, past the yawning blackness of the open doors, toward the top of the great, winding stairs. She glanced at the empty shaft of the old elevator as she passed. The dim light from the window fell through the empty grill.

At the top of the stairs Lucifer paused, meowed urgently, then glided noiselessly



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Has Fun Earning At 14. "I'm 14 years old. Began with neighbors and phoning my mothers' friends. Now it's lots of fun and wonderful! I get big orders — \$5 to \$18. Am saving for college."  
—Carol Ann Anger, Calif.

\$15 in Orders in 1½ Hours. "My customers are well pleased with cards and many re-order more than one box. First afternoon I sold \$15 worth in 1½ hours. Now sales are 3 times better."  
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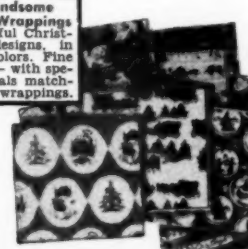
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Truly personal and distinctly different — name-imprinted, made specially for family groups. A Phillips exclusive!



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A novel gift. Straw Hat holds salt. Derby holds pepper. Umbrella Stand holds toothpicks.



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Please send me Personalized Stationery, imprinted with my name and address. Also send "Extra Money" Plan and samples of Phillips Christmas and Year 'Round Greeting Card assortments on approval. The Personalized Stationery is mine to keep free. I will return the assortments (without cost or obligation) UNLESS I find that merely showing them to other folks can provide me with an easy way to make extra money.

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(Please PRINT Your Name and Address VERY CLEARLY)

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# SPEAKING OF MOVIES

by BERTHA JANCKE LUECK



**THE FAR HORIZONS** — Today, Sacajawea, a Shoshone Indian girl, is considered one of the six most important women in American history. This Technicolor picture is a fictionalized story of this fifteen-year-old girl, who led the Lewis and Clark Expedition through the trackless wilderness from Louisiana to the Pacific. A thrilling picture, starring Donna Reed, Fred MacMurray, and Charlton Heston. (Paramount)

**INTERRUPTED MELODY** — Set in the worlds of opera and medicine, the story of opera star Marjorie Lawrence (Eleanor Parker) is a dramatic, tender picture. A victim of polio at the height of her career, only the skill and devotion of her doctor-husband (Glenn Ford) give her courage for the hard fight back to health and faith in herself. In CinemaScope and color, with great music, and a wonderful final scene. (M-G-M)



**DADDY LONG LEGS** — In Technicolor and CinemaScope, the twinkling feet of Leslie Caron and Fred Astaire lend enchantment to the delightful story of a French orphan and her rich, will-o'-the-wisp American guardian. There is laughter, and a tear or two, as the romance unfolds. Add catchy tunes, Thelma Ritter, Fred Clark, and Terry Moore, and you have a picture you are sure to enjoy. (20th Century-Fox)

**DAVY CROCKETT, KING OF THE WILD FRONTIER** — Filmed in Technicolor in the Great Smoky Mountains where some of Crockett's feats were performed, this is an exciting picture. Don't miss it. As played by Fess Parker, the indomitable frontiersman who has become an American legend emerges as a real and believable character. Also in the fine cast are Buddy Ebsen, Basil Ruysdael, and Helene Stanley. (Walt Disney)



down the steps, disappearing in the gloom below. Clinging to the banister, Bitsey started down the stairs.

Below, the first faint pallor of early summer's predawn sifted through the fan-shaped window above the door. The very sight of that door, leading to safety, spurred Bitsey in a rush down the last few steps, her only thought one of escape.

She turned the big knob and flung open the door. The rain had stopped. She could hear the birds beginning their morning chorus. About to flee, Bitsey paused, as suddenly the thought of Aunt Melissa, hurt or sick somewhere in this house, came like a command! One hand on the door, she stopped, looking with dread back at the dark interior. Desert Aunt Melissa? Run out on her own kin? She couldn't.

Bitsey lifted her head, drew a jerky, sobbing breath and turned back into the old house. As she turned from the doorway, her foot struck an object beside it. A gasp of astonishment escaped her. In the corner beside the door stood Aunt Melissa's traveling bag!

I've got to find her, Bitsey told herself. I'll search every room, the basement, the attic, until I find her. She may be hurt, or . . .

All personal fear forgotten in this new worry, Bitsey started up the dim, shadowy stairs again.

Then Lucifer's sudden demanding meow came, almost like a cry for help! Pausing, Bitsey looked down. She could make out the great cat scratching frantically at the door of the elevator shaft!

"Aunt Melissa!" Her voice rose in terror, "Aunt Melissa—are-you—in that—elevator?"

There was a tapping, as of the old lady's cane against metal. Then a hoarse whisper came. "Bitsey . . . I'm trapped in here . . . I forgot they had turned off the power."

"Oh, Aunt Melissa . . . are you all right?"

The whisper was stronger now, with hope and relief. "Yes, yes, child; only tired and frightened! I called and called until my voice gave out. When I heard you come in, I tapped with my cane, but I was afraid I'd scare you out of the house . . . then . . ." the old voice quivered, "then I heard the door slam, and my last hope died."

"That was Jock! What was he doing?"

"Looking for me, poor man! He's been searching the house off and on since I ordered the car this afternoon. When he first came in, I was caught here. I couldn't make him hear."

"Can you hold out a little longer, Aunt Melissa? I'll run next door and telephone the power company."

A few minutes later the lights flashed on. The creaking old elevator began to move. As soon as it stopped, Bitsey pulled open the door, and took Aunt Melissa in her arms.

"Oh, Aunt Melissa, I'm so glad you're all right." There were tears in her eyes, as she helped her aunt to a chair. "I've—I've a confession to make . . . You're right; I'm an awful coward."

Aunt Melissa's back was ramrod straight in the chair, but a smile—suddenly warm and tender—trembled across her lips.

"Coward? Nonsense! Being brave isn't just not being afraid; it's going right on, regardless! And you stayed right here searching for me . . . like a true Melville! I'm proud of you!"

Bitsey lifted her head. Suddenly she felt tall . . . and brave . . . and very happy! Old Lucifer, washing his whiskers at her feet, smiled into his paw. Then he looked up at Bitsey and she was sure one big sapphire eye closed in a wink.

THE END

JULY, 1955



## Water Skiing Is Easy! (Continued from page 13)

turning—except that this time you pull straight on through it with knees relaxed and slightly bent. Your bent knees absorb the shock of the mound of water, just as the spring on a car absorbs the bumps. To get back into the wake, pull off about twenty feet to the side, and reverse your turn. Don't try to slip back sideways—it's easier if you hit the wake going straight toward it.

Want to stop now? Good. Stopping is the simplest part of water skiing. When you're near shore, let go of the towbar. You'll slide

along in the water for about fifteen feet, then slowly sink into it. Like parking a car, practice makes perfect: with practice you'll develop the perfect form for stopping—back straight, arms extended, head erect, skis close together.

You're off! You're one of nearly a million water skiers this summer. THE END

NOTE: BUDDY LANDESS, author of this article, is water-skiing instructor at the University of Miami and Key Biscayne.

## The Water Witch (Continued from page 9)

the river to give the Witch more room for her fancy flourishes. But that shouldn't take long, then they'll be rolling again."

"They won't ever roll," Sara had said flatly. "Jed, why don't you be sensible and go back to that garage? The summer's half gone and what you've earned won't buy much more than feed for the Witch next winter."

"Chances are someone else will be feeding her," Jed replied with a shrug. "At least I don't have to report for a few days. We can take Vicky to the Grand Canyon."

He was losing faith in Mr. Oldham and his promises, Vicky realized. If she could have gone to see the producer herself, pleaded with him to put an end to the delays, she would have done it. But Jed would have been furious if he had known she had even thought of such a thing.

If only she had money, so she could offer it to him, she thought. Not that he would take it. He wouldn't even let his brother help him. If only—why couldn't he strike it rich with his prospecting? Everyone who could buy or borrow a Geiger counter was out looking for uranium, and most of them didn't know half as much as Jed about where to find it. Why couldn't he be one of the lucky ones?

When Vicky reached that point in her thinking, her mule turned his head idly, flapped a long ear, and bared enormous teeth in a grin.

"All right," Vicky said aloud, "you don't have to laugh in my face. It doesn't cost anything to dream, does it?"

At the green oasis of the Indian Gardens, four and a half miles down, there was a brief respite from the dust and heat and thirst. But it was hotter than ever when they neared the bottom. When they dismounted at last on the bank of the Colorado River, everyone crowded around the guide, pelting him with questions. There was a shout from up the trail, and they turned to wave at the second party which was approaching the bottom. When the last mule string arrived, Vicky saw Jed frown as he watched the riders dismount.

A handsome lot they were, she thought. That girl with the sleek golden hair, the pink shirt and trim levis—suddenly Vicky stiffened. The girl had pulled off her dark glasses and was smiling and running toward them.

"Jed! Jed McGovern! I didn't know you'd be here," she cried.

"Hi, Charlotte." Jed brought her over to the group on the riverbank, and made off-hand introductions. The blond girl was Charlotte Haven, the young star of "Wagons." Vicky gulped a little. Charlotte was lovely, she was glamorous, and Jed couldn't take his eyes away from her. Jed introduced the

bronzed young man who followed her as Hal Douglas, the leading man.

"He gets the girl," Jed added with a grin. Vicky felt her hand clasped firmly, and saw a flash of white teeth in a deeply tanned face. With a sudden start she noticed the dark hair, the plaid shirt, and worn levis. Oh, no! she thought, it's regulation wear in Arizona, and there are millions of dark crew cuts. There's another young man heading in our direction, and he's dressed the same way!

The second young man, Miles Clifton, looked owlsh and solemn behind his dark glasses. He wasn't as handsome as Hal Douglas, and when Jed said with a laugh, "Miles doesn't get the girl," Vicky felt a quick sympathy for him.

"He gets what the little boy shot at, as usual," Miles said glumly. The Oldhams, the producer and his pretty wife, Peg, joined them, and everything else vanished from Vicky's mind. Here was her chance to do something for Jed, if she could find some way to make Mr. Oldham understand.

So it was no accident that Vicky found herself sitting on the riverbank with the Oldhams after the box lunches had been eaten. Hal Douglas and Miles Clifton joined them. Sara had struck up an acquaintance with a woman from Ohio, and Jed and Charlotte had wandered off down the river looking for rocks. Vicky watched them a moment, then turned away. What Jed McGovern did was no concern of hers, she told herself.

"I ought to get my camera and take some pictures," she said.

Hal tossed orange rind into the water. "Oh, stick around," he said absently. He was watching Jed and Charlotte, too, Vicky noticed.

"You're visiting the McGoverns, aren't you?" Miles was studying her solemnly.

Vicky nodded. Since no one else seemed to have anything to offer, she told her impressions of Arizona, the ranch, the children's pets, especially the horses. Which brought her around to Jed and the horse he had bought from a Navajo boy, and the feats he had taught the Witch. She stole a look at Mr. Oldham. When she saw that he looked mildly amused, she took courage. "Is the Witch going to do any diving in your picture?" she ventured. "She's a fraud, really. It's Jed who takes the dive, the Witch just disappears into the water and—"

"And comes up laughing at him," Mr. Oldham finished for her. "That's one of the shots we'll have to get." He turned to Hal. "We'll cut out some of your close-ups, but that's all to the good."

"Thanks," Hal laughed. "How'd you like your leading man to walk out on you?"

"You wouldn't do that to me, Hal. I've had grief enough."

# GIRLS!

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"You have, at that," Hal said. "There isn't much more that *can* happen."

Miles was lying on his back, gazing up at the clouds. "You're taking a risk, Bert, throwing all those scenes to the Witch. Jed's the only one who can ride her, and what if he gets an idea he's an actor and demands a contract?"

"What if he digs up some uranium and gets so rich he doesn't have to work?" Hal asked. He flashed Vicky a smile that she felt was altogether too charming.

"He'll have to find it first," Mr. Oldham said witheringly.

"That's been taken care of," Hal sounded envious. "Just the other day his Geiger counter jumped a foot, turned around and bit him. That's what he said."

"And what did Jed do?" Miles asked lazily. "Staked a little claim, boy. Why not? All he has to do now is pick a few million dollars out of the ground. While you try to get rich the hard way!"

"Rich," Mr. Oldham had a pained look on his face. "Go broke, you mean."

Suddenly Vicky couldn't sit still any longer. "They'll be calling 'All aboard' any minute," she said. "I'll get my camera."

Hal and Miles helped her with her picture taking, and in the midst of it, the call came to start back up the trail. In the confusion of mounting, she had time for only a hurried leave-taking.

By the time they reached the top again, Vicky had had enough of the saddle for one day. The old jalopy had roasted in the sun. Jed had trouble starting it, but not because there wasn't any gas. He tested the tank before he got behind the wheel, Vicky noticed with satisfaction. They were going home by a different route, he announced, one that would take them through the Painted Desert at sunset.

But it was dark before they came to that lost and lovely wilderness of soft colors, brooding silence. The Rambling Wreck had stopped repeatedly, its motor protesting, and with each stop Jed grew more short-tempered. Vicky was in despair when it gave up once again. "That man *must* have done something to it, Jed," she said, as Jed got out and raised the hood. "Could he have put something in the gasoline?"

"Like what?"

"I don't know. I didn't see him do anything, but he could have, couldn't he?"

"Oh, there are things that would gum up the valves, sure, if you dropped them into

the gas tank. But don't let your imagination run away with you."

Vicky held the flash for Jed while he bent over the motor. Sara was asleep in the back seat.

"It didn't balk on the way up to the Grand Canyon," she insisted.

Jed ran a grimy hand through his dark thatch. "Okay, have it your way," he muttered. "If we can drag ourselves to a filling station, we'll be lucky."

Hours later, it seemed to Vicky, the lights picked up the outline of a small trading post in the desert. Jed woke the trader and his wife, who lived in the back of the store. "Food, a place to sleep and, believe it or not, a telephone," he reported when he came back to the car. "Soon as you've called home, Sara, I'll call a garage. But here's where we spend the rest of the night."

Vicky was so sleepy and tired that the next hour was a blur. She was conscious only of the smiling face of their hostess, of a rough cot in the shadowy vault of the store itself which Sara and she were to share, and of Sara's muffled giggles when the narrow bed nearly collapsed under them. She heard the slam of the car door, and supposed Jed was already asleep out there in the back seat. The next thing she knew, someone was shaking her awake.

"The garage sent out a repairman, and if you don't want people stepping on you," Sara said, "you'd better roll out." Vicky rolled.

When they were on their way again, Vicky stretched and yawned. They would be home in a few hours. She was going to head right for the shower and then for a deck chair on the patio and a long snooze. Sara and Jed were engaged in one of their mild arguments.

"They didn't go back last night," Sara said. "Peg Oldham said they were staying over at the hotel."

"Charlotte said they were going back. I'll take her word for it."

"Why should they hurry back, Jed? The cameras won't grind today; there'll be some fresh hitch."

Vicky turned abruptly. "Where's my camera, Sara?"

"I'm probably sitting on it," Sara began pitching things around in the back seat. The camera wasn't there. "You had it when we started home, didn't you?"

"I suppose so. I don't remember," Vicky frowned. "Maybe it dropped out at the trading post."

Jed groaned. "If it did, it can stay there. You can telephone from town."

Vicky stared at the road soberly. "It isn't even mine," she said. "It belongs to my brother, worse luck. I shouldn't have taken it to the Grand Canyon, but I wanted to finish up my film."

"Did you finish it?" Jed asked sourly. "You and Hal were busy little shutterbugs."

Sleeping in the car hadn't improved his disposition much, Vicky thought. "Not quite," she said. "There's a shot or two left."

When they reached Cameron, Vicky telephoned the trading post. No camera had been found. She thought a moment, then called the hotel at the South Rim.

She shook her head when she returned to the car. "If Hal Douglas doesn't have it, maybe one of the dudes picked it up," she said. "The movie people did go back last night, so that argument's settled, anyway."

Sara grinned. "Oh, well, I'll win the next one. And you'll get your camera back, Vicky. Cheer up."

But Vicky didn't have Sara's easy optimism. The camera was an inexpensive one, but her young brother prized it; he had been proud to lend it to her. She was sunk in gloom the rest of the way home.

It was a relief to be back in their own small canyon again. They crossed the swift stream that clattered over the rocks, and drove beside it, under a canopy of green and fluttering cottonwoods. Jed turned in on the narrow winding road to the ranch.

Flanked by orchard and garden, a large and friendly house of stone and cedar logs basked in the noonday sun. From the patio at the back came the smallest McGovern, a golden-haired cherub of two, trailed by a cat and kittens. She was in the briefest of blue sunsuits, and blissfully streaked with dirt.

"Look what happens when I'm not around!" Sara clambered out of the jalopy and caught the child up in her arms. "Where's everybody, Sukie?"

Sukie waved a grimy hand toward the small corral. "Gone away," she said.

The stable door burst open and Sara's three brothers, one in flight and the others pursuing, streaked across the yard. The oldest, twelve-year-old Bobby, stopped in his tracks when he saw them. "Yipes!" he said. "You're back. Hang onto your hat, Jed. Have we got news for you!"

For a moment everything was still. Then Jed asked, "What news, Bobby? It had better be good."

"Well, it isn't," Bobby grinned. "The Witch is gone."

(To be continued)

## A Posy Party (Continued from page 21)

### ANSWERS:

- |                   |                          |
|-------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. is ir - iris   | 6. as ter - aster        |
| 2. pan sy - pansy | 7. tock s - stock        |
| 3. pop py - poppy | 8. peon y - peony        |
| 4. lag f - flag   | 9. beg onia - begonia    |
| 5. pin k - pink   | 10. garden ia - gardenia |

**Bouquet of Roses:** While players still have pencils, pass out scratch-paper. Have someone play or sing a few bars of the songs named below. The player who can correctly identify them all, or most of them, is the winner.

1. "One Dozen Roses"
2. "Roses of Picardy"
3. "The Rose of Tralee"
4. "To a Wild Rose"
5. "Last Rose of Summer"
6. "Rose, Rose, I Love You"
7. "My Wild Irish Rose"
8. "Sweet Rosie O'Grady"

9. "Wee Rose of Killarney"
10. "Mighty lak'a Rose"

**Picking Posies:** Divide players into two teams. Place a bowl of alphabet macaroni on a table in the center of the room. Be sure there are more than enough of the letters "p," "o," "s," and "y" for each player to spell the word "posy." Teams line up six feet away on opposite sides of the table.

At the word "go," a player from each side races to pick a posy—that is, four letters spelling posy. When a player has a complete posy she races back to touch the next player, who repeats. The team to pick all its posies first wins the game.

When the crowd gets hungry, serve **Daisy Sandwiches** and **Orange-Blossom** drink.

The sandwiches have lots of eye-appeal and can be made hours in advance. To make them, simply trim the crusts off two slices of white bread per person. For Shasta daisies, spread slices with any white spreading cheese. For yellow daisies, spread with a deviled-egg mixture. Cut each slice into three "petals." To store, put petals on a cookie sheet, lay wax paper over the top, and place in refrigerator. At serving time, arrange a six-petaled daisy for each person on small paper plates. Three olives in the center of the petals form the heart. A long sliver of green dill pickle placed between two petals makes a stem.

For the Orange-Blossom drink, pour orangeade into paper cups. Float a thin slice of fresh orange or lemon on the top of each drink.

THE END

JULY, 1955

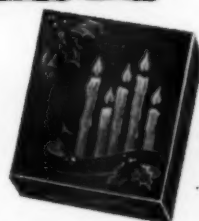
# GIRLS!



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"CANDLE GLOW" Christmas Assortment \$1.00  
21 glittering cards of unmatched beauty — gold bronzed and embossed.



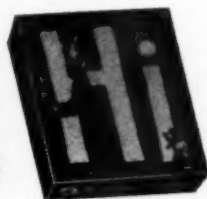
CHRISTMAS BLESSINGS Assortment \$1.00  
21 lovely religious cards—each with an appropriate Bible Text quotation.



"ROSE" Salt, Pepper and Sugar Set \$1.25  
Salt in the Tea Rose, pepper in the Red Rose and sugar in the flower pot. A unique item.



New SLIM Card Christmas Assortment \$1.25  
21 favorite cards in the smart new tall shape. Folks buy them on sight.



"HI" Slim Christmas Comic Assortment \$1.00  
New style cards check full of joy, novel ideas and gay Holiday fun for all.

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R. Vaughan of Ohio says: "In one evening I took orders from my neighbors for \$15."

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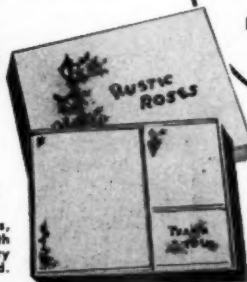
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THE AMERICAN GIRL



# All Over the Map

## Headline News in Girl Scouting

**✿ "FOR BRINGING CHEER AND KINDNESS** to the sick and lonely," Intermediate Troop 4-382 of the Greater New York Council recently received the Junior Achievement Plaque on the Paul Winchell-Jerry Mahoney television program.

This troop from Flushing, Long Island, received the award as representatives of all the Greater New York troops which have taken part in the council's "Adopt a Grandparent" project. Started in 1950 at the Bird S. Coler Home and Hospital on New York's Welfare Island, the project was taken up by troops throughout the council.

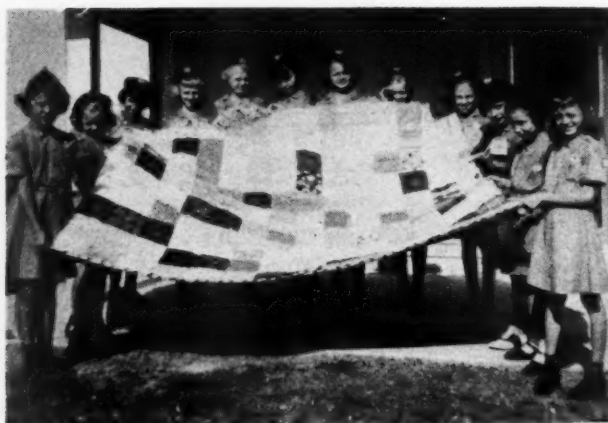
Today, in all boroughs of the city, Girl Scouts help bring cheer to elderly people with no near relatives or friends. They visit their "grandparents" regularly; put on entertainments for them; bring them holiday and special-occasion gifts.

Six representatives of Troop 4-382 were guests on the Winchell-Mahoney Saturday morning program. One of the girls accepted the plaque on behalf of the Greater New York Girl Scouts, and told the

event which climaxed the day. Such expert horsemanship was shown by two of these finalists that the judge, unable to choose a winner, had to ask the girls to exchange horses for a breath-taking ride-off, before he could choose the Champion of the Day and award her the gold trophy and championship ribbon.

**✿ LETTERS FROM A FATHER** stationed in Japan started two troops in Burton, Texas, on a combined handicrafts and international friendship activity. When one of the girls told them what her father had written about the needs of children in a Japanese orphan home near which he was stationed, Brownie Troop 9 and Intermediate Troop 11 decided, first of all, to make a quilt for the home.

Making a quilt, of course, takes time. During the weeks they worked on this project these Scouts of the Texas Colorado Lakes Area Council also collected used, but still usable, clothing which they helped to put in good condition. When they were finished there were three



television audience about the "Adopt a Grandparent" project.

**✿ "TROT, PLEASE, TROT!"** At the command, a group of Girl Scout riders brought their mounts sharply to a trot. The Mid-Island Council's All-Girl Scout Horse Show was underway.

Seventy-five troops of this Long Island, New York, council were represented in the two hundred and fifty entries in the all-day outdoor show at the Bethpage Polo and Riding Club in Farmingdale. It was a colorful spectacle as classes of sixteen girls each rode out class by class to compete.

The Girl Scouts were dressed in dark-green jodhpurs, brown boots, long-sleeved white blouses with green ties. A green Girl Scout beret or a Brownie cap completed the smart outfit. Bright pennants flew from staffs along the rail of the show ring. Spectators in the stands and along the rail watched and cheered as novice and advanced riders were judged at walk, trot, canter.

There was an exciting potato race and, for the advanced riders only, a free-for-all balloon race. Musical stalls was an exhibition of expert horsemanship. To music, the riders circled framed areas (stalls) at a trot. When the music stopped suddenly, the girls whirled their mounts into the stalls—of which there was always one less than the number of riders. If you have played musical chairs, you can imagine the excitement as one by one the riders were eliminated until only two were left, and finally one was declared the winner.

First and second place winners in the five advanced-horsemanship divisions of the show were eligible for the Championship Trophy

large boxes packed and ready to be shipped to Japan with their pretty quilt.

When the boxes reached Japan they were taken to the Wakamapsu Orphans Home, and an Army chaplain distributed the gifts to the children.

**✿ FROM MAADY, CAIRO, EGYPT**, comes a most interesting story of U.S.A. Troop 1 which the girls of that troop have asked us to share with you.

"Our troop, which celebrated its first birthday in January of this year, has found living in Egypt a new adventure in Scouting.

"Adventuring in the arts has been an adventure in ancient crafts. Egyptian art presents a pageant of color and design. Some of our girls, working on the Dabbler badge, are studying Egyptian art and its contributions to art in other cultures. Six girls have been working on the Drawing and Painting badges, and four others on Photography. Our community, a bright oasis near the desert, has given the girls much inspiration: the brilliant colors of trees and shrubs; the subdued tones of desert sands; the Nile at sundown with the pyramids silhouetted against the western skyline.

"For picturesque close-ups, they have made a trip to the nearby station of the Egyptian Camel Corps to photograph the camels, the uniformed soldiers, and the tents of the camel tenders. We hope that each girl, before she leaves, will have an album of pictures of Egypt as she herself has seen it.

"Another group is interested in dramatics. They planned and cast

a play themselves; designed and made their own costumes. They presented the play and raised twenty dollars for a children's school in which they are interested. This group has also taught younger children of the American community here to make hand puppets. At a church service the puppets, dressed in costumes of twenty-four different nationalities, were used to present a Bible story.

"Helpful program consultants have worked with the girls on the Musician and Folk Dancer badges. As a climax to their folk-dancing badge work, the girls entertained the boys of the community at a square dance about which everyone is still talking.

"We have fun out of doors, too. We are now working on the Mammal, and Rock and Mineral badges. Studying mammals in Egypt is different from studying them at home. Here we have learned to know such small mammals as the fennec, a tiny but very beautiful fox; the mongoose, which is about the size of a large cat and very useful because it eats the many insects that Egypt is plagued with; and the jerboa, or kangaroo-mouse.

"Learning about rocks and minerals has been a lesson in archaeology as well as geology. The desert here was once a sea bed, and fossils of sea animals can be found almost anywhere. We made an all-day trip up Taura Mountain to visit the old quarries, and saw how the ancient Egyptians quarried the stone for their tombs and pyramids. Still standing there were old sarcophagi, thousands of years old, that had cracked during the quarrying and been discarded. And in these quarries, too, we found fossils of clams and oysters that were millions of years old! We felt like specks in the sands of time.

*Far left: In Burton, Texas, Girl Scouts and Brownies display the quilt which they have made as a gift for an orphanage in Japan*

*Mounted and ready, after a final check by their instructor (in foreground) eager riders wait to compete at the Girl Scout Horse Show in Farmingdale, New York*

*Left: In Japan, children at the Wakamapsu Home pose for a picture with the quilt, and one of the boxes of gifts from Texas*

"The desert is a wonderful place for cookouts, although the winds have dusted many a hamburger with sand. Usually enough rocks are available for a temporary fireplace, but wood has to be carried and, of course, drinking water. We have found trench candles very helpful on our cookouts. After a year of practice in desert camping, we are now planning a safari—an overnight camping trip on camelback to a nearby oasis. This trip will be a test of our camping ability, for we will have to take all our supplies—tents and other equipment, drinking water, food.

"During the summer the girls spend much time at the swimming pool. At the beginning of our first summer here many of the girls did not know how to swim. Twelve have now earned the Swimmer badge, and several others will soon complete the requirements.

"By the end of the summer we were able to put on a water pageant of swimming, diving, water ballet and skits. Nearly three hundred people—Egyptian, French, English, and American—came to see the pageant.

"Our home life here is not very different from home life in the United States. Most families do have a cook, because of the difficulty in buying and preparing the local foods. Nevertheless, some of the girls have managed to get into the kitchen on the cook's day off, to work on their Cook badges. Our present Homemaking project is Needlecraft. The girls decided, as a troop project, to crochet a stole to be sold at an annual bazaar which raises funds to establish nurseries for children in Egyptian villages. In this way the troop worked on a homemaking and community-service project at the same time.

THE AMERICAN GIRL

"The really great advantage a Girl Scout troop on foreign soil has is the opportunity to know people of another country. We have one Egyptian girl and one Czech refugee in our troop. Egypt is a land of many nationalities; at least five languages are spoken here. The government has made Scouting a national activity, but in addition to the Egyptian troops there are Italian, Greek, British, French, Armenian, and American troops. Troops of other nations, especially French and Italian, often invite us to their meetings.

"On Thinking Day each year there is an International Rally of all Boy and Girl Scouts in Cairo. It was thrilling to watch the flag bearers march in with flags of seven different nations; to hear the Promise repeated in five languages. Each nation presented a game or skit at the campfire—our girls danced the Virginia Reel.

"The entire Rally was international friendship in practice. But the real thrill came at the end of the day, when the entire group joined in singing 'Taps,' each nationality in its own language. To hear those voices blending as one made us realize that there is a oneness of spirit among all people. These people, whatever their nationality, we have known as friends."



"AMERICANA" will be the theme of the Senior Roundup in 1956, about which Girl Scouts around the country are thinking and talking and planning.

Intermediates and Seniors, individually or in groups, are invited to write an original inspirational piece, in verse or prose, on "What America Means to Me." From those submitted, one piece will be



Brennan Photo Service

chosen to be read aloud at the Fourth of July celebration which will be one of the important events of the Roundup.

Full details and the rules are given on page 21 of the March, 1955, "Girl Scout Leader." Ask your leader or your council to tell you about this.

Don't delay! All contributions must be sent to National Headquarters before October 15, 1955.

#### SUMMER SCOUTING

Vacation days are here, and soon Girl Scout groups will be tripping, tramping, camping the length and breadth of the country. Others will be having fun right at home. You will have wonderful adventures, new experiences, and we want to tell AMERICAN GIRL readers about them in your own department of the magazine.

So write us about, send us photographs of, your summer fun and activities. Clear, well-focused, black-and-white prints, 4" x 5" or larger, reproduce best. When you photograph Girl Scouts in uniform, check the little details before you snap: Are socks neat? Skirts hanging evenly and blouses tucked in? Ties properly tied? These are some of the points to watch in making Girl Scout photographs that you, and we, will be proud to show our readers.

HAPPY VACATION TO YOU ALL!

THE END

# Handle with Care!

*Babes of the woods are very unhappy when city-bred campers capture and kidnap them*

by MARIE E. GAUDETTE

A HUGE SPACESHIP has just swooped down on your back lawn, and the rough paw of a giant Martian has snatched you up—little you!—to take home as a souvenir. As you quit this homey planet, you gasp for air, while your heart beats in panic and desperation. All that you love has been left behind! Life itself will ebb out soon!

Campers, that image is not too fictional. It's perhaps what a little chipmunk feels—or a baby bird, or a butterfly, turtle, frog, or garter snake—suddenly removed from his happy home in Nature, whisked into a box and carted off to be fondled and smothered and starved to death in some city environment that never was made for the likes of him!

Nature welcomes us into her quiet places, and always has plenty of room for us campers who like to live at close quarters with her. And the longer we live close to her, the more we learn to see and to appreciate her plants and animals and rocks, her varied community of living things. For they are a community. As you may have suspected, the things of nature are dependent upon each other.

Some campers collect a few rocks and minerals to take home. Others, like the tourist returning from abroad with a trunkload of useless baubles, show a great desire to gather various kinds of plants and animals to take home. The tendency to remove these things from the out-of-doors is a worry to all nature-minded people. First, because the inhabitants of natureland should be preserved where others can enjoy them. Second, because other members of the family may not relish having these creatures in the house. Third, because few people know the proper care of the various insects, salamanders, turtles, snakes, and



*"I want to stay with mama!" says this tiny white-footed mouse—high on a twig on a dark night*

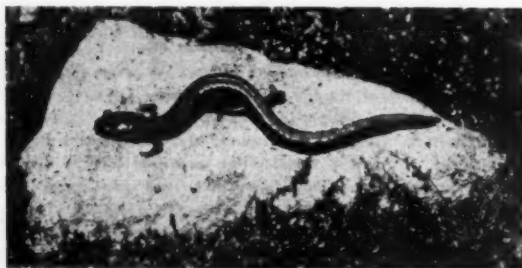
*Baby blue jay, soft and fragile, could easily be injured by the squeeze of an eager human hand*

wild mice that may be part of the "invasion." Often they are disposed of in a manner not at all humane. Sometimes they merely gasp their last in neglect and panic—as you on the spaceship—far from their home in the woods and their work in the world.

The real conservationist gets great pleasure out of merely watching the things of the wild, while in camp—and leaving them there, to preserve the "balance of nature."

Of course it is always possible to have some animal in captivity in camp for a few hours or days. The length of time depends on the kind of animal and how much is known about its care. For instance, a moth can beat its wings to pieces in a few hours. A nursing mammal (such as a mouse or rabbit) should never be confined, because it has young somewhere, and they need their mother's care. An injured animal sometimes needs to be kept in captivity for a short time, but only if someone is going to give it the careful, steady care it needs in order to recover.

Small birds and animals should never be taken from their mothers unless it is absolutely necessary. For a wild baby to be "abandoned" by its mother is a thing almost unknown in nature. Two things can happen that may make it look so—the mother (or both parents) may have been killed, perhaps by another animal or a car. Or, the mother may have distributed her young in different spots for their safety, as often happens with birds just out of the nest. We see one of these fluffy things



*This red-backed salamander likes to sun himself on a rock; he would not exchange his outdoor life for a city dwelling*





precariouly perched on a twig, hollering its head off! But the parents know where it is and, if we sit quietly and watch, we will see it fed. *That* is a much more interesting sight than a baby bird in a cage, and a human being standing around, not knowing what to do!

It takes little skill to capture an animal. It takes a great deal of skill and patience to walk or stand or sit quietly and watch what the animal *does*. And there is enormous satisfaction in feeling that much a part of the out-of-doors. A great deal is known about the *looks* of animals, but not so much about the *ways* of animals. And their ways are better studied when they are watched in their natural setting.

As for wild plants—let's leave them alone, too. Very few of them can live for long in the house. And as for picking flowers—why do it in camp? Clumps of wildflowers bloom-

ing in the woods and fields provide a lovelier sight than a bunch of them on a dining-room table. Just think—millions of people go camping in summer. If each of them picked the flowers, there would soon be none left for others to see. Some flowers are common and bloom quickly—but others, such as the lady's-slipper (moccasin flower) do not. It takes at least seven years from the time a seed germinates before the plant has its first bloom.

We campers do not take lightly the Sixth Girl Scout Law, "A Girl Scout is a friend to animals." Therefore, we do not kill or injure, needlessly or carelessly, any living thing. These words we carry with us into the out-of-doors, and the smallest and most insignificant looking thing of nature becomes safe in our hands.

THE END

NOTE: Photographs on page 44 by Karl Maslowski, Allan Cruickshank, and Hal Harrison from the National Audubon Society.

### By You (Continued from page 16)

"Give him to me!" cried Pepe's father.

"All right, and give me my money."

"Here," said Pepe's father and handed over the money.

Not long afterward a young boy walked by the house. "Poor horse," he said to himself when he saw the Alasan. The Alasan saw the boy too and all of a sudden he threw up his head, neighed, and galloped toward the fence. The surprised boy stood his ground as the horse stopped and then walked slowly up to him.

Just then a little cry of joy rose into the air from the house, and there in the doorway were Pepe's parents watching the boy and horse. The boy asked them why their horse had done that. Pepe's father told the story of a boy who looked almost like the boy in front of them, and of a colt that looked something like the horse at the fence. Pepe's mother pointed at the Alasan. He was standing with his neck arched and even though he was bony, he was beautiful again.

Pepe's parents were so happy to see the Alasan and a boy like their own together, that they let the boy have the horse for just half a dollar.

And again the Alasan raced out of the gate with a rope bridle, a sack, and a young boy on his back. This time he did not stop at the turn in the road.

SUSAN WILLIAMS (age 12)

Oriente, Cuba

### NEW ENGLAND PARADISE Nonfiction Award

When I awake in the early hours of a summer morning at my grandfather's New England cottage and think I'm the only one alive, I can usually find Uncle Larry up and about, putting in the hazy sunlit garden. The sun has been up an hour, but the dew, like a million diamonds, is still on the grass and flowers, cool beneath my feet. Puddles from the last night's rain lie on the ledge of rock, inviting the birds to enjoy a refreshing bath. The roses are peeping over the old New England stone wall, and the hollyhocks are smiling a cheery good morning to the new day.

The house is a big red-brick cottage that for more than a quarter century has watched the seasons go by. It has a large front porch where we do everything from brush our teeth to eat breakfast.

In midafternoon, from the swing on the hill, I can see the lake, sparkling blue, far below. The people swimming in the Cove and at the North End look like doll-house people, and the boats on the shining lake like miniatures.

THE AMERICAN GIRL

In the evening we often have a picnic in the yard by the rustic stone fireplace. Later, the outside lights look like gigantic fireflies flitting over the garden. When I take a last swing in the cool of the evening, I can see pinpoints of light from cars reflecting on the water as they cross the bay to go back to the dull drudgery of the city.

LYNNE HEIMER (age 14)

Fairview Park, Ohio

### WINDOWS Poetry Award

Windows  
Come in all different sizes  
And shapes.  
There are little ones  
Which seem to be just peeking  
At the world.  
There are medium-sized ones  
Which seem to be getting bored  
With the world  
Because they see so much of it.  
There are big ones  
Which seem to enjoy  
Making the home  
A television studio  
For every passer-by to gaze into.  
But best of all  
There are church windows.  
They don't peek,  
They don't get bored,  
And they don't broadcast anything.  
Their only job is to make  
God's house beautiful  
And they look as if  
They are enjoying themselves immensely.

MARY MARTIN (age 15)

St. Cloud, Minnesota

### YOU'RE GROWING UP Fiction Award

You sit there on your bed staring out the window. You are engulfed in a flood of loneliness. The loneliness of being left out, of not being like everybody else, out dancing and having fun. You have nothing to do but watch television. You wish that you were like Jane Ann, who used to be your best friend. She goes out on dates and gets asked to all the parties. You remember the first date she had. She called you up and told you all about it. But lately it seems as if she's too busy to share her dates with you. Everyone else is too busy too. So you are lonely. When you get like this you like to daydream. You dream that Kenneth Adams, that good-looking boy who sits across



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from you in English class, calls you up and asks you to go to the show. You accept and he comes after you in his dreamy blue convertible. You are wearing a frothy pink dress and he says you look beautiful. You do everything just right that evening. Then he brings you home and on your doorstep he kisses you. Even though it's your first date he kisses you because he likes you a lot.

But all too soon you awake from your dream and you're lonely again. If only you could explain to someone how you feel. If you talk about it maybe that would help, but how can you explain it to anyone else if you don't understand it yourself. You remember once you tried to explain it to your mother. But she only said, "Don't worry, dear, you'll grow up in a little while."

That was all and you knew she didn't understand.

When did it all start, this loneliness? Ah yes, you remember. It happened the day Jane Ann called up.

"Hello," she said.

"Oh, hi, Jane Ann."

"Vicki, listen, I'm sorry but I'm afraid I can't go to the show with you tonight. I've got a date with Bill Williams."

You sit there a moment and then it happens. You feel that tide of loneliness engulfing you. Why, Jane and I have gone to the show together every Friday night for years, you think to yourself. But no more, not ever again will it be the same, you realize that. Jane goes on apologizing and making feeble excuses and you wish she'd shut up. Can't she see she's only making it worse?

"Well, good-by," she finally says.

"Good-by," you say, "have fun."

Your voice sounds hollow and cracked. Then you go back to your bedroom to brood. Yes, you remember it all so well.

What was that, the telephone? Oh, it couldn't be for you, it couldn't be. But it is.

"Vicki," your mother calls, "telephone."

"Hello," you say.

"Hello, Vicki, this is Kenneth. Would you like to go to the show with me?"

Your heart skips a beat and you want to scream—Yes, yes. But you merely say, "Could you call back in a little while, Kenneth? I'll have to get Mother's permission."

"Sure," he says and hangs up.

You turn to walk into the living room where your mother is sitting.

"Mother," you start, and then you take a deep breath.

"Yes, dear."

"Mother, Kenneth Adams wants me to go to the show with him. Could I please, Mother? I'll be back early. I promise I will. Please, Mother."

She smiles at you—a smile kind but firm.

"I'm sorry, dear. But you're a little too young. No, I'm afraid I can't let you go. Let's wait till you grow up a little."

"But, Mother," you protest.

"No buts. You tell Kenneth when he calls back that you can't go. Tell him I want to keep you as my little girl for a while."

"Yes, Mother."

When Kenneth calls you tell him that you can't go. Then you go in the living room to sit down and watch television and wait. Wait until you grow up a little.

LINDA LEE (age 14) Wichita Falls, Texas

### THE VOICE OF THE SEA Nonfiction Award

The fury of the hurricane was spent. After a morning of running from window to window watching the trees fall one by one, I wanted



**ART AWARD:**  
 Laurie A. Taylor (age 15) Pearl River, New York

to go down to the rocks to see what tidal damage was done.

I pulled on my raincoat and stepped outside. There was a new fresh smell in the air. It was the smell of green trees cracked open, of fresh roots, newly turned earth, and salt spray.

As I walked down by the road to the water I climbed over fallen wires, trees, and branches. On a lawn near by there were six large elms sprawled over the grass.

The girl who lives next door ran out to meet me, and we walked down to the sea wall. The wind had picked up volume and the high sea was battering the coastline. The waves were rolling in and crashing against the rocks, sending up white, foamy spray. It was a beautiful yet frightening sight. We could feel the wind and the surf and hear the crying of the gulls and the ringing of the channel bells.

We were busy looking at everything. However, a sinister looking wave that apparently had picked up speed and water on its slow approach came toward us. All of a sudden there was a crack and the huge wave broke right on top of us pulling us, raincoats and all, into the edge of the surf. Even after we had climbed back to safety we could hear the voice of the sea in our ears.

ANN H. LANDESS (age 12) Cohasset, Massachusetts

### REFLECTION Poetry Award

When I got up this morning, I did the usual things.

One of these things was brushing my hair. I looked in the mirror to watch my hair being brushed.

At the bottom of the hair I saw a face.

I smiled at it, cautiously indifferent;

It returned the smile, indifferently.

It smiled with casual affability;

I quickly returned the same.

I smiled affectionately;

The smile I saw was warm and fond.

"We've been close for a good many years,"

I said.

The face ruefully agreed.

"I've known you all my life."

"Who are you kidding?" it said.

PHYLLIS JONES (age 16) Chapel Hill, N.C.

# OUR HEROINE

## Fiction Award

"Com'on Jenny, you're holding us up," yelled my brother, Buddy.

"All right, I'm coming," I answered.

"It's about time," sighed Grandmother.

"Now, Mother, you know Jenny had to say good-bye to all her friends. She couldn't just go off without a word," said Daddy.

"Hey, Jenny, hurry up and get in the car." That was Buddy again, bouncing around in the back seat.

We waved to Grandmother as the car started to move, and then we were on our way.

"Whee! Much as I love Tennessee, I'll be glad to get home," said Daddy a few minutes later.

I might as well explain before I go on. My family and I go to Tennessee every summer to visit my father's folks. We were now on our way back to North Carolina.

About three thirty that afternoon, we saw a service station with a "clean rest rooms" sign.

"Stop here, Bob," said my mother. "While I'm tending the baby in there," she pointed toward the rest rooms, "you buy the children something to drink. I know they are thirsty."

"Okay," said Daddy with a sigh.

"I want to get them, Daddy, may I?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered.

As I got out of the car, I noticed a station wagon parked directly in front of the door that led to the service station store. It seemed a bit out of the ordinary, but I thought no more of it as I entered the store.

Two men were at the back of the store. One of them had on a loud sports jacket and he was sitting on the low country counter. He had his right hand protruding out of his pocket in an unusual way. The other man was dressed like a service-station attendant and seemed a bit jittery.

Now, I have quite a bit of imagination anyway, but my brother has even more, and it just so happened that Buddy was on a streak of playing cops and robbers that day. He had been suspicious of all strangers since our trip had started that morning. He came bouncing in while I was ordering the drinks. He stopped in his tracks right there in the doorway and stared! I never saw anyone stare as he did



**PHOTOGRAPHY AWARD:**

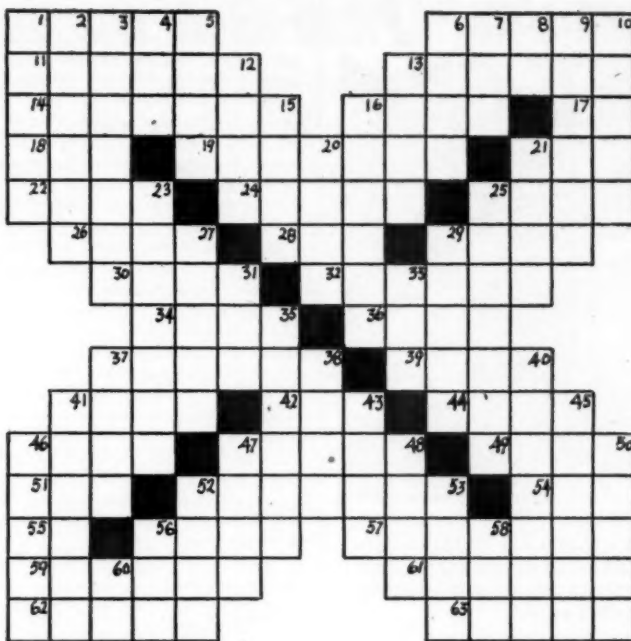
Delores Sell (age 14)

Westminster, Maryland

THE AMERICAN GIRL

# CROSSWORD PUZZLE

by DR. HARRY LANGMAN



## ACROSS

1. Attitudes assumed for effect
6. Selected
11. Navigate the air
13. Earlier
14. Campers
16. Suggest indirectly
17. Perform
18. Vex
19. Acrobat's swinging bar
21. Aeriform fluid
22. Pertaining to an ode
24. Fixed look
25. To match
26. Units
28. Termination
29. Any
30. Increased
32. Considerate
34. Fastened
36. Part of a plant
37. Discoverer
39. Lament
41. Restaurant
42. To blemish
44. Sharp, rough projection
46. Fresh and lively

47. Combination of rhythmic sounds
49. Drink issued in English navy
51. Animosity
52. Halo (variant)
54. Pike-like fish
55. Near
56. A trick
57. Stiff silk fabric
59. Security of position
61. Analyzes a sentence grammatically
62. Pleasant odor
63. Prices

## DOWN

1. Inner courtyard
2. Act in excess
3. Submerging
4. Consume
5. "Let it stand" (printing)
6. Surface coming to a point
7. Torrid
8. Upon
9. Prim
10. Eaten away unevenly
12. Sins

13. Magnitude
15. Satisfy to the full
16. Herdsman
20. Spasm
21. Systematic play
23. Aitist
25. Shedding feathers
27. Fish net
29. Greek porticos
31. Espouse
33. At present
35. Decorous
37. Visage
38. Demolish
40. Biggest
41. Wagon driver
43. Turmoil
45. Pointed beard
46. Lariat
47. To meditate
48. To applaud
50. Green herbage
52. Subtle emanation
53. Distant
56. Liquor made from molasses
58. Title of monk or friar
60. Negative reply

For solution turn to page 50



## The Sure Way to

# Please their Taste...



● Lazy appetites perk up when home-canned fruits and vegetables are served—for you can prepare them *exactly* to your family's tastes!

And you give your budget a break by home-canning with Ball Jars and Ball Dome Lids (the lids with flavor-guarding cream-white enamel lining!) This year save for sure with easy-to-can treats like...

### PLUM CONSERVE

8 cups pitted plums	6 cups sugar
1 lemon	1 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon salt	1 cup raisins
	1 cup shelled nuts

Wash, drain, pit and measure plums. Mix plums, pulp and grated peel of lemon, salt. Boil until soft. Add sugar, cinnamon, raisins. Boil until it thickens. Add nuts about 5 minutes before removing from heat. Pour, boiling hot, into hot Ball Jars; seal at once with Ball Dome Lids.

### CANNING THE BLUE BOOK WAY

Over 300 recipes, 64 pages, complete instructions for home canning and freezing. Beautifully illustrated in color. Send 25¢ to Ball Blue Book, Dept. A 75, Box 5, Muncie, Indiana.



that day! His mouth was wide open for about half a minute, and he just stood there and stared! Then he said to the man in the sports jacket, "You're a bad man."

The man laughed uneasily, but his face was pale.

I paid for our drinks and got out of there fast. Buddy followed me reluctantly, but didn't say any more. He had said too much already.

I told Daddy what had happened when we got into the car, but he only laughed and forgot it completely while he was drinking a coke.

Just then, however, the man in the loud sports jacket came running out of the store. He jumped into his car and tried to start the motor. Nothing happened. The man hopped out of his car; looked at our car and ran over.

"Get out!" he yelled. "Get out before I put a bullet in you!"

Just then Mother came out of the rest room carrying the baby. The man didn't hear her, he was so busy shouting at us.

"Just what do you think you are doing?" Mother asked quietly as she reached over and took the "deadly weapon" out of the man's hand while he stood there dumfounded.

"Mary!" squeaked Daddy, opening the car door and knocking the man down in his excitement.

"Why, Bob. I'm ashamed of you. This toy pistol wouldn't hurt a flea!"

Just then the service-station attendant appeared at the door holding one hand up to a bloody nose.

"Hold him!" he cried when he saw us. "I'll call the police!"

Daddy didn't even hear him. He was staring at Mother dazedly.

"To-o-y-y p-i-i-s-s-t-t-o-o-l?" he stammered,

sitting on the would-be-robber to hold him down.

"Of course!" said Mother. "I've picked up play guns behind Buddy often enough to know what's real and what isn't!" She gave him her raised-eyebrow look and got calmly into the car.  
ROBIN FINE (age 12) Chapel Hill, North Carolina

### EARLY MORNING SEA FOG

Poetry Award

*Oh, how I love the sound of the sea  
When it's wrapped in a gray sea fog!  
The sound of the waves beneath the pier,  
And the gentle splash of the lapping tide  
Against the sides of rocking boats.  
I love the creak of wet ropes rubbing,  
I love to hear the muted call,  
Across the low and silent dunes,  
Of a sea gull flying through swirling mist,  
With weary wings that rise and fall.*  
ROBIN VAN LOBEN SELS (age 17) El Monte, Calif.

### HONORABLE MENTION

ART: Carole Graham (age 16) Conehatta, Miss.  
Margaret Williams (age 14) Providence, R. I.

POETRY: Sue Ellen Eickhoff (age 12) Mendon, Michigan. Sandra Atkins (age 12) Columbus, Ohio.  
Lila Busby (age 16) St. David, Arizona.

FICTION: Janaki Rangachari (age 17) New Delhi, India. Betty Kackley (age 15) Evening Shade, Arkansas. Alice Bartholomew (age 13) Richmond, California.

NONFICTION: Linda Louise Glick (age 16) Shaker Heights, Ohio. Sue Ellen Rowland (age 11) Pittsfield, Massachusetts. Rena Bleiweiss (age 12) Rockville Centre, New York. Patricia Anne Broadus (age 15) Terminal, Texas.

PHOTOGRAPHY: Toni Brooks (age 17) Los Angeles, California. Carol Cartan (age 13) El Monte, Cal.

## Books (Continued from page 3)

Maine-coast summer resort. Selfish and self-centered, engrossed in her own affairs, Judy has never bothered to know or understand her parents. Ashamed of her own home, she spends most of her time with a crude, vulgar girl who dominates her. She does not hesitate to scheme and plot to attract a boy who is planning to marry a fine girl who has little else in her life and who has been kind to Judy. This is Judy when she arrives at Red Rock House and she does not change overnight. Naturally she is strange, lonely, and miserably unhappy in her new environment, though she does not give up entirely to self-pity but pitches in to the hard work on hand. Bit by bit she begins to see her parents as people with lives of their own, to share their problems and want to help them. Bit by bit she grows to know and admire Great-aunt Sophie. She makes friends with her fellow waitresses, begins to take a genuine interest in the hotel and its guests, enjoys cook-outs and clambakes with the local boys and girls, and dances, sails, and swims with Greg, son of wealthy summer residents. (It's pleasant in a book for young people to find a boy of such background with the attributes usually reserved for the poor but honest hero.) You may wonder how such a boy could have been attracted to the fresh-from-the-city Judy, who could neither swim nor sail and who hated Red Rock and all it stood for, or how he could ever have said to himself at that time, as he later tells Judy, "Here's the girl I've been looking for all my life. Liking the place as much as I do. Liking the same things I do—boats and swimming and everything the place has to offer." In spite of this speech, you feel it really must have been his sympathetic and

sensitive understanding of Judy's need and his admiration for her spunk and courage that originally attracted him and, as Judy's taste, sense of values, and character change, you can understand his deepening interest. If you are bored with heroines who are invariably gracious, wise, noble, and unselfish in the face of adversity, Judy is for you.

**WHAT'S COOKING.** By JANE KIRK. Fleming H. Revell Company, \$3.95.

Does your Girl Scout troop need help in planning and cooking a father-daughter supper? Is your club having an outdoor barbecue? Is your mother worried over her responsibility for the P.T.A. tea? Here is a book on quantity cooking, a complete handbook on the preparation of meals for all occasions, which will be invaluable to anyone who is occasionally called upon to serve large groups of people. The large-quantity buying guides, table of weights and measures, and the suggestions on food preparation, table arrangement, methods of serving large groups are extremely helpful. Many of the recipes serve twenty-five, fifty, or a hundred, but some are small enough for five or six. Suppers, covered-dish affairs, smörgasbord, luncheons, afternoon teas, and snack parties are featured in a wide variety of menus and recipes. There are chapters on appetizers, desserts, foreign cooking, salad dressings, sauces and gravies, hot breads, sandwiches of all kinds. In addition to indoor covered-dish suppers, the excellent section on outdoor meals, with recipes for corn roasts, fish fries and barbecues, makes a fine supplement to the article "Cooking with Judy" in this issue in which Judy tries her hand at outdoor cooking.

THE END

JULY, 1955

## WHERE TO BUY

### AMERICAN GIRL FASHIONS

DOUBLE DIVIDEND, PAGES 18 AND 19

"Pre-teens" by Paramount

Albuquerque, N. Mex. \_\_\_\_\_ Kistler Collister  
Baltimore, Md. \_\_\_\_\_ The May Co.  
Memphis, Tenn. \_\_\_\_\_ Levy's  
Trenton, N. J. \_\_\_\_\_ Yards  
Tulsa, Okla. \_\_\_\_\_ Vandevors

Touraine

Cincinnati, Ohio \_\_\_\_\_ The H. & S. Pogue Co.  
Los Angeles, Calif. \_\_\_\_\_ J. W. Robinson  
New Orleans, La. \_\_\_\_\_ D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd.  
Paterson, N. J. \_\_\_\_\_ Meyer Brothers

Marcie Dale

Baltimore, Md. \_\_\_\_\_ The May Co.  
Cincinnati, Ohio \_\_\_\_\_ Mabley and Carew  
St. Louis, Mo. \_\_\_\_\_ Famous-Barr Co.  
St. Paul, Minn. \_\_\_\_\_ Schuneman's, Inc.

Petiteen

Baltimore, Md. \_\_\_\_\_ Hutzlers  
Boston, Mass. \_\_\_\_\_ Filene's  
Cincinnati, Ohio \_\_\_\_\_ The H. & S. Pogue Co.  
Hartford, Conn. \_\_\_\_\_ G. Fox and Co.  
Houston, Tex. \_\_\_\_\_ Sakowitz  
Memphis, Tenn. \_\_\_\_\_ J. Goldsmiths  
Philadelphia, Penna. \_\_\_\_\_ Strawbridge & Clothier  
Pittsburgh, Penna. \_\_\_\_\_ Kaufmann's  
St. Louis, Mo. \_\_\_\_\_ Famous-Barr Co.  
Schenectady, N. Y. \_\_\_\_\_ Wallace Co.  
Washington, D. C. \_\_\_\_\_ Woodward & Lothrop

## USE THIS HANDY FORM TO ORDER

### AMERICAN GIRL PATTERNS

Check pattern number and size and enclose correct amount (30¢ in coin) for each pattern.

#### FEATURED ON PAGE 24

**9299—Playsuit and Skirt**  
Sizes ☐ 11 ☐ 13 ☐ 15 ☐ 17  
**9253—Dress with Short-Sleeve Bolero**  
Sizes ☐ 10 ☐ 12 ☐ 14 ☐ 16  
**4797—Dress with Gathered Bodice**  
Sizes ☐ 11 ☐ 13 ☐ 15 ☐ 17

Enclose \$\_\_\_\_\_ for patterns checked above

Be sure to enclose correct amount (30¢) for each pattern ordered (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. We pay postage.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ (Please Print)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City and State \_\_\_\_\_ (Please Indicate Zone No.)

MAIL TO: THE AMERICAN GIRL  
Pattern Department 7/55  
155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.

THE AMERICAN GIRL

# New styles in Christmas cards YOUR FRIENDS WILL BUY ON SIGHT You can make over \$1<sup>00</sup> on a box

— And We'll Send You 26 of the Top Favorites to Show, Absolutely FREE!

## ALL DIFFERENT—NO TWO CARDS ALIKE

Everybody—friends and neighbors—even strangers—"fall in love" with these new, EXCLUSIVE Christmas Card designs. And no wonder! They're different! They're brand new! They include the finest Religious, Humorous, Artistic, and Business Christmas Cards—Printed, Embossed, and Die-Cut, as well as the new, EXCLUSIVE "Super-Slits." And even with sender's name printed on every one, these new kinds of cards sell for just about 3¢ each! No wonder you can make good money in spare time just showing them!

## Make More than \$60.00 on only 50 Orders!

With these 26 FREE cards, we'll send you everything you need to make lots of quick cash for yourself, your church or your club. And we'll show you how you can make this extra money every week between now and Christmas! The 26 cards you get are in full color—all the newest and most popular designs ever created—and they are Exclusive!

## SEND NO MONEY—JUST MAIL COUPON and Get Everything Needed to Begin

There is no charge for this Sample Kit. All you do is mail us the coupon with your name and address. When the cards arrive, show them to friends and neighbors. If, in 10 days, you aren't delighted with the money you have made, and the orders you've received—if you still aren't completely convinced that this is a wonderful spare-time money-maker for you—just return the Sample Kit and forget the matter. Mail the coupon today to

GENERAL CARD COMPANY, Dept. 27  
1300 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago 7, Illinois



## SEND NO MONEY—MAIL THIS COUPON

GENERAL CARD CO., Dept. 27  
1300 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 7, Ill.

Please send me the 26 EXCLUSIVE Christmas Cards—FREE, with New Color Catalog of Stationery, Gift Wraps and Gifts, and complete instructions for making lots of money by taking orders in full or spare time. I understand I pay nothing for these 26 cards now or ever. If after 10 days, I'm not delighted with the orders I've gotten and the money I'm making, I'll send your valuable Sample Kit back and forget the matter.

My Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## Rules for BY YOU Entries

HAVE YOU SENT an entry yet for your own Contributors' Department?

Readers under eighteen years of age may send contributions to this department. They may be on any subject that will appeal to teenagers. Only original material, never before published, should be submitted.

"Original" means that in all contributions the idea, and the drawings or words which express that idea, must be entirely the sender's. Contributions must not be copied in any way from the work of another person.

**Short Stories:** Not over 800 words.

**Poems:** Two to twenty-five lines.

**Nonfiction:** Description, biographical or human-interest sketch, episode from real life. Not over 400 words.

**Drawings:** Black-and-white only, on stiff drawing paper or poster board; may be done in pencil, black writing ink, India ink, charcoal, tempera, or wash. Not smaller than 5" x 7". WARNING: Wrap carefully!

**Photographs:** Any subject. Black-and-white only. No smaller than 2 1/4" by 2 1/4". Wrap carefully, as damaged photographs will not be considered.

## RULES

1. Entries for the November, 1955, issue must be mailed on or before August 1, 1955. Entries

will be considered only for the one issue of the magazine for which they are submitted. 2. On the upper half of the first page of all manuscripts—or on a sheet attached to drawings and photographs—there must be written:

The name, address, and age of sender.

Her troop number if she is a Girl Scout.

The number of words in the piece submitted.

The following endorsement, signed by parent, teacher, or guardian: "I have seen this contribution and am convinced that it is the original idea and work of the sender."

3. Manuscripts must be typewritten or neatly written in ink, on one side of the paper only. 4. Ages of the contributors will be considered in judging, and the decision of the judges is final. A contributor may send only one entry a month—not one of each kind, but only one.

5. All manuscripts, drawings, and photographs submitted become the property of THE AMERICAN GIRL MAGAZINE and cannot be acknowledged or returned. THE AMERICAN GIRL reserves the right to cut and edit manuscripts when necessary.

## AWARDS

First awards, \$10; all others, \$5. Each month a list of Honorable Mention contributions is printed. No awards are made for these. Send entries to "By You" Dept. Editor THE AMERICAN GIRL Magazine 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.

Moving? Be sure to give THE AMERICAN GIRL at least six weeks' notice so as not to miss any issues. Be sure to send your old as well as your new address to THE AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York.

## DOUBLE YOUR EARNINGS WITH Christmas Card Bargain Specials

**SELL**  
**50 CARD \$1**  
**ASSORTMENT**

**SUPPLY**  
**LIMITED!**  
**ORDER**  
**EARLY!**

**Get \$1.25**  
**Boxes for 50¢**  
**\$1 BOXES FOR 35¢**

Get FREE List of *Factory Surplus Greeting Card Bargains* and make the biggest profits ever, while supply lasts. Christmas, Everyday, Religious, Wraps included. All first quality. Also Free Color Catalog, over 200 newest Card Assortments and Imprints, Gifts and Gadgets. Amazing Catalog Shopping Plan. No experience needed. We'll send Bargain List, 4 new 1955 boxes on approval and Personalized Samples FREE, if you write at once.

**MIDWEST CARD COMPANY**  
1113 Washington Ave. Dept. 401-B, St. Louis 1, Mo.

## 631 MOVIE & TV STAR PICTURES 25¢

**EXCITING NEW COLLECTION!**  
For the first time—sensational pictures of your favorite movie and TV stars!  
A super-duper offer!

**FREE** Home addresses of over 165 stars and birthdays of 300 with order of your favorite stars!  
Send 25¢ to  
**DeLUKE PHOTO SERVICE, Dept. B-19**  
Box 547, Church St. Annex, N.Y. 5, N.Y.



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THIS MAMMOTH VALUE INCLUDES STAMPS WORTH UP TO 35¢! ALSO APPROVALS. WRITE TODAY!

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Only 10¢ & APPROVAL APPLICANTS  
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Considered to be among World's prettiest sets. Pictures U.N. Bldg., Emblem, and Peoples of World. Sample Set—Limited for use at only one post office in world—Only 10¢ with approvals.  
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### What Are "Approvals"?

"Approvals," or "approval sheets," mean sheets with stamps attached which are made up and sent out by dealers. The only obligation on the part of the recipient of "Approvals" is that the stamps must be returned promptly and in good condition, or paid for.  
The price of each stamp is on the sheet and the collector should detach those which he wishes to buy, then return the sheet with the remaining stamps in as good order as when received, enclosing the price of the stamps he has detached and, most important, his name, street, address, city, postal zone number, State, and the invoice number.

### ANSWER TO THE CROSSWORD PUZZLE ON PAGE 47

P	O	S	E	S		C	H	O	S	E				
A	V	I	A	T	E		S	O	O	N	E	R		
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# Jokes

### A'S RIGHT!

**PRIVATE FIRST CLASS:** Is the mess sergeant of this outfit strict?

**CORPORAL:** Strict? Why, he even insists that the noodles in the alphabet soup be in alphabetical order.

Sent by JANICE WANNER, Hebron, North Dakota

### FAIR ENOUGH?

**STENOGRAPHER:** For two years I've been doing three girls' work for one girl's pay. I think I should have a raise.

**EMPLOYER:** I can't give you the raise, but if you'll tell me who the other girls are, I'll fire them.

Sent by MIRIAM BURDELL, Garfield, Washington

### NO PROBLEMS

A contented old bear at the zoo  
Could always find something to do.  
When it bored him, you know,  
To walk to and fro  
He reversed it,  
And walked fro and to.

Sent by ROCHELL BRENER, Watertown, New York

### THE SAME—ONLY DIFFERENT

Two snobbish French poodles out for a stroll met a rather disreputable looking mongrel.

"My name is Fifi," said the first poodle.  
"Spelled F-i-f-i."

"And my name is Mimi," said the second.  
"Spelled M-i-m-i."

"Glad to know you," said the mongrel.  
"My name is Fido—spelled F-i-d-e-a-u-x."

Sent by MICHAEL MITCHELL, Downey, California

### AND LAND IN THE RIGHT SPOT

**ALICE:** Why is a dictionary like a parachute?

**TOMMY:** I don't know—why?

**ALICE:** Because it doesn't do you any good unless you open it.

Sent by ANN SPEVOCEK, Manitowac, Wisconsin

### GOOD EXAMPLE

**TEACHER:** Richard, explain the difference between "sufficient" and "enough."

**RICHARD:** Well, if Mother helps me to a piece of cake I get "sufficient." But if I help myself, I get "enough."

Sent by CAROL J. BENJAMIN, Fairhaven, Mass.

### PRACTICAL ADVICE

**PATIENT:** Every night I have the same dream. I fall into water and struggle in despair until I wake up bathed in perspiration. What can I do about it?

**DOCTOR:** Better learn to swim.  
Sent by IRENE ROUSE, Brunswick, Georgia

### SIMPLE PRECAUTION

**HARRY:** I saw a doctor today about my lapses of memory.

**FRAN:** What did he do?

**HARRY:** Made me pay in advance.

Sent by SUSAN GERBER, Westbury, New York

### LONGFELLOW UP-TO-DATE

Under the spreading chestnut tree  
The village smithy snoozes;  
No horse, since 1933.

Has come to him for shoes.  
Sent by JUDITH BERGER, Minneapolis, Minnesota

### DEFINITION OF HAMBURGER

A steak that didn't pass its physical.  
Sent by JUNE MAROLF, Muscatine, Iowa

### SILLY QUESTION

**LITTLE BOY:** "Baa, baa, black sheep, have you any wool?"

**SHEEP (disgusted):** What do you think this is—nylon?

Sent by CAROLE BINDER, Detroit, Michigan

### NO PROVOCATION

**JOAN:** Bald-headed men always seem to be so cheerful.

**JOE:** Why not? Nothing ever gets in their hair.

Sent by MARJORIE WRIGHT, Dayton, Ohio

### IMPORTANT NOTICE

All jokes must be sent to **THE AMERICAN GIRL** on two-cent Government postal cards. Send as many jokes as you wish, but no more than two to a card. Write in ink, or on the typewriter, and be sure to give your name, full address, and age. Address your cards to **THE AMERICAN GIRL, Jokes Department, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York.**

**THE AMERICAN GIRL** will pay \$1.00 for each joke printed on this page.





THESE 21 ALL-OCCASION  
GREETING CARDS

# YOURS

FOR ONLY **1¢** YOU WON'T BE  
ASKED TO RETURN  
THEM! THEY'RE  
REALLY YOURS  
WHEN YOU  
MAIL COUPON  
BELOW

JUST TO PROVE HOW EASILY A FEW SPARE HOURS CAN  
**EARN \$50.00 IN CASH!**

Never before a 'get-acquainted' offer to match this! We want to prove you'll find it easy as pie to take orders for exquisitely-designed CHRISTMAS AND ALL-OCCASION CARDS. And also show how quickly you can make \$50.00 profit—and even more—just by spending a few hours now and then taking orders from friends, neighbors and others. So here's our astonishing offer.

Fill out and mail the coupon below! We'll promptly send you this beautiful new box of All-Occasion Greeting Cards as illustrated. Yes, JUST ONE SINGLE PENNY is all you pay for 21 beautiful cards and envelopes that would usually retail at \$2 to \$3 if bought separately.

YOURS TO SHOW FRIENDS AND OTHERS—AND ALL YOU OWE IS JUST 1¢ The reason we're making this unheard-of 1¢ Offer is to make more people familiar with our money-making plan. Once you see these cards and behold their true beauty, we're sure you'll say to yourself, "Those cards will sell like wildfire. Every family I know will want to buy Christmas and All-Occasion cards from me. I'm going to use my spare time to make lots of extra spending money by showing them and taking profitable orders!" Just to prove it, we're willing to give you 1 box for a penny.

**ONLY ONE TO A FAMILY! LIMITED OFFER!**

Naturally, this offer is strictly limited and includes Christmas Greeting Card Assortments ON APPROVAL, together with complete MONEY-MAKING PLAN and FREE Personalized Imprint Samples. But hurry—offer may not be repeated.

**ARTISTIC CARD CO., INC.**

101 Way Street, Elmira, New York  
In Canada, write 103 Simcoe St., Toronto 1, Ont.

**RAISE FUNDS FOR YOUR GROUP!**

Ask for Special Plans that show you how to raise money for your church, club or organization.

PASTE COUPON ON POSTCARD — MAIL TODAY

**ARTISTIC CARD CO., INC.**  
101 Way St., Elmira, New York

I accept your wonderful offer. Send your sample CHRISTMAS assortments ON APPROVAL, plus ONE BOX OF ALL-OCCASION Cards for which I owe you the special introductory price of only 1¢. Also include FREE Personalized Imprint Samples. I'm sincerely interested in making money in spare time.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City & Zone \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Check here for Special FUND-RAISING Plan for church, club or organization.

**HERE'S WHAT  
YOU GET  
FOR 1¢**

- 1 Birth Congratulations Card
- 7 Convalescent Cards
- 9 Birthday Cards
- 1 Belated Birthday Greeting
- 1 Friendship Card
- 1 Sympathy Card
- 1 Congratulations
- 21 Envelopes

Guaranteed by  
Good Housekeeping  
Not an advertised product



**makes cold drinks *INSTANTLY!***



Pick the packages with the pitcher on the front for wonderful refreshment any time! One 5c package makes one-half gallon . . . 10 full glasses. Keep plenty in your refrigerator for the whole family to share. Miracle Aid . . . instant enjoyment!

**6  
TEMPTING  
FRUIT FLAVORS**

STRAWBERRY  
ORANGE  
RASPBERRY  
GRAPE  
LEMON-LIME  
CHERRY



**CURTISS CANDY COMPANY**

**Otto Schnering, Founder**

*makes of Baby Ruth, Butterfinger, Coconut Grove, Dip, candy bars, Saf-T-Pops, Fruit Drops and Mints*

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